FRONTISPIECE

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Ch. 790/61.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MR. BERQUIN,

BY LUCAS WILLIAMS, ESQ.

A NEW CORRECTED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS,

AND

EMBELLISHED WITH FORTY-FOUR COPPER PLATES.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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THE

CHILDREN's FRIEND.

CÆSAR AND POMPEY.

MR. Saunders had brought up two handſome dogs, one Cæſar, and the other Pompey. He had named them ſo, not with the wiſh or expectation that they ſhould one day become rivals, like the two illuſtrious commanders whoſe names they bore, but though both were littered at a birth, had always fed together, and been treated with an abſolute equality, yet it was not long before they manifeſted very different tempers.

Cæſar was extremely meek and docile; Pompey rough and quarrelſome.

The generous Cæſar jumped for joy, when any one careſſed him, and never took it ill that his brother ſhould be fondled in the ſame manner; but the ſurly Pompey,

on the other hand, whenever Mr. Saunders had him in his lap, would growl if Cæſar met with the leaſt notice, the leaſt ſmile, or token of affection.

When the friends of Mr. Saunders, coming on a viſit, brought their dogs, our Cæſar would immediately get in among them, and endeavour to amuſe his company; and, as his nature was extremely pliant and inſinuating, and his manners very winning, they were always at their eaſe whenever it was his part to entertain them. They would play and friſk about the apartments, juſt as if they had been all at ſchool with one another. The good Cæſar did his utmoſt to ſet off their beauty and activity, that Mr. Saunders might be pleaſed with their appearance, and induced to do them ſome good turn or other.

What did Pompey do in the mean time? He would get into a corner, and be all day barking at the ſtrangers. If unhappily they drew too near him, he would then be ſure to grin and ſnarl, and often bite their tails or ears. And if his maſter noticed any one among them for his breeding and good parts, he would howl with all his might,

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might, as if there were robbers in the houſe.

Mr. Saunders had remarked this odious temper for ſome time paſt in Pompey, and begun already to neglect him. Cæſar, on the other hand, gained ſomething every day on his affection.

On a certain day, as he was ſet at table, he reſolved to try their diſpoſitions more than he ever yet had done. They were both attending at the table, Pompey being neareſt; for the honeſt Cæſar, to avoid diſſenſion, always gave up to him the foremoſt place with pleaſure: and Mr. Saunders held out Pompey a nice piece of juicy meat, which he immediately fell a chewing. Cæſar was not diſcontented in the leaſt at this, but waited with the greateſt good humour till his turn ſhould come. His turn ſoon came; but Mr. Saunders threw him nothing but a hard dry bone. He took it without any ſign of diſcontent; but hardly had the churliſh Pompey obſerved Cæſar buſy with his ſhare, though much inferior to his own, than he rejected, with diſdain, the bit between his teeth, and fell on Cæſar to obtain his bone. The gentle Cæſar made

no manner of reſiſtance, but, imagining that it might pleaſe the fickle taſte of Pompey, yielded it at once.

Do not think, my friends, that this condeſcenſion on the part of Cæſar was the effect of cowardice, or even weakneſs in him. He had given ample teſtimony of his ſtrength and reſolution very lately, in a conteſt where he had been engaged on account of Pompey, whoſe intolerable ſurlineſs had drawn down upon him the reſentment of a dog that lived in the neighbourhood. He had not fought above five minutes, though it was he himſelf who had previouſly provoked the fight, before he ran away; while Cæſar, though without a friend to take his part, continued the engagement like a hero, and acquired at laſt ſuch glory, as to make his adverſary bite the duſt.

This anecdote his maſter knew; and as his character for courage was ſo thoroughly confirmed, he made him take the bit of juicy meat that he had before thrown to Pompey, but which Pompey had rejected. "Cæſar, my good fellow," ſaid his maſter, "it is but juſt that you ſhould enjoy your

brother's portion, ſince he firſt took yours; and therefore eat it."

Pompey ſcowled at Cæſar, ſeeing the affection that accompanied theſe words in Mr. Saunders's countenance; and Mr. Saunders added, "Since you have ſhewn yourſelf thus complaiſant and generous towards him who treats you with ſuch jealouſy and envy, you ſhall be in future my own dog, and range about the houſe as you think proper; but your brother ſhall be tied up in the yard: ſo quick, a chain for Pompey! and let ſome one bid the carpenter this moment knock up a kennel for him." Accordingly this laſt was inſtantly conducted to his ſtation, while the other had his liberty to walk about the apartments.

Pompey would, very probably, have enjoyed with inſolence ſo great a mark of favour, had *he* gained the advantage in his maſter's judgment; but the heart of Cæſar bled at the idea of his brother's ſentence, and he aſſayed all means to ſoften his condition. When the ſervants gave him any thing, he would be ſure to carry it to Pompey, wag his tail with pleaſure, and invite him to regale upon it; and at night he

would not fail to viſit Pompey in his houſe, amuſing him, in the midſt of his ſufferings, by all poſſible means, and, for hours together, warming his benumbed limbs.

But Pompey, far from being ſoftened by ſuch kind actions, never welcomed Cæſar to his kennel, nor received him otherwiſe than with continual howlings; ſo that very quickly after, rage inflamed his blood, his heart was ulcerated, and his entrails perfectly dried up.

You, children, who read this, if there be any one among you of a diſpoſition ſuch as Pompey had, conſider what a miſerable lot awaits you, and reflect upon his puniſhment. You will otherwiſe lead a life of ſorrow and humiliation, and expire in horror.

FASH-

FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. BELLASTON.
LEONORA, *her Niece.*
DAVID, - *her Nephew.*
MR. VINCENT, { *a Clergyman, formerly Tutor to the Childrens' Father.*
DANDIPRAT, *a Dancing-maſter.*
FANNY, *a Waiting Maid.*

The SCENE *in the houſe of Mrs. Bellaſton.*

SCENE I.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Mr. Vincent.

Mrs. Bellaſton. NO, I cannot forgive you, Mr. Vincent. What! not come and ſee your well-beloved friends, or me, theſe five years paſt!

Mr. Vincent. Conſider, my good lady, the inevitable duties of my pariſh, the bad

ſtate in which my health is, and the fear of accidents upon the road.

Mrs. Bellaſton. What, forty miles! a very long journey, truly!

Mr. Vincent. Long to me, who cannot eaſily change place. My bodily infirmities no longer permit me to go a gadding, and eſpecially ſo far from home.

Mrs. Bellaſton. And pray, to what powerful motive, Mr. Vincent, do we owe this inſtance of your reſolution?

Mr. Vincent. To the great deſire that I had of ſeeing Leonora and her brother, once more, I may ſay, before I die.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Ah! there is a fine girl! Leonora! one might come to view her from the furtheſt corner of the world! Oh, ſuch an underſtanding and vivacity!

Mr. Vincent. Indeed you make me very anxious, Mrs. Bellaſton, to behold her. Pray, where is ſhe? I long to embrace her.

Mrs. Bellaſton. She has not left her toilet yet.

Mr. Vincent. Not at this late hour! And David, why is he not yet come from ſchool? I thought he would have long ago been here, and waiting to receive me.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bellaſton. You remember, it was a little late when your arrival was announced laſt night. The ſervants have been very buſy all this morning, and my niece's waiting-woman could not leave her.

Mr. Vincent. Pray oblige me, by diſpatching ſome one inſtantly for David; and, in the interval, I will go up ſtairs and ſee his ſiſter.

Mrs. Bellaſton. No, no, Mr. Vincent; the ſurpriſe of ſeeing you might overcome her ſpirits: I will prepare her for the interview. (*She goes out.*)

SCENE II.

Mr. Vincent, (*alone.*)

As far as I can ſee into the matter, Mrs. Bellaſton brings her niece up by the plan that regulated her own education, and permits her to employ a deal of time in ſetting off her perſon to the beſt advantage, like a doll intended for the window of a toy-ſhop. Happy, if theſe trifles have not cauſed her to neglect the cultivation of her underſtanding.

SCENE III.

Mr. Vincent, Mrs. Bellaſton.

Mrs. Bellaſton, (*returning.*) I have ſent for David; and Leonora is coming down this inſtant. She has but one feather more to ſettle.

Mr. Vincent. How! one feather! Can you ſuppoſe that I care about a feather more or leſs? Should not her anxiety to ſee me be as great as mine is?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Certainly it ſhould, and is; but then her wiſh to give you pleaſure—

Mr. Vincent. Poſſibly it will not be her feathers that will do that; but, if I recollect, you told me that you had ſent to fetch your nephew?

Mrs. Bellaſton, (*ſomewhat piqued.*) Oh, my nephew! You will have time enough for David.

Mr. Vincent. You ſpeak as if I was not to expect great things from him.

Mrs. Bellaſton. He is far from being vicious; but he will not attend to my inſtructions on the ſubject of good breeding.

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. What, is he unpoliſhed, wild, or ruſtic?

Mrs. Bellaſton. No, not that. They tell me that his head is well ſtored with uſeful knowledge, as they call it; but that *je ne ſçai quoi* which well bred people poſſeſs, and that *bon ton*—

Mr. Vincent. If that be all that he wants, he is not a great way from perfection;—but his heart?

Mrs. Bellaſton. I think it neither good nor bad: but Leonora! how accompliſhed ſhe is! what enchanting manners! As for David, we do not ſee one another often.

Mr. Vincent. And why not?

Mrs. Bellaſton. For fear of taking him from his beloved ſtudies; and becauſe, when he comes here, he pays no heed to what I tell him on the way of living in the faſhionable world. Beſides, he cannot expreſs himſelf with any ſort of grace. I ſometimes carry him into the company of women, and he never has a handſome word to ſay.

Mr. Vincent. Becauſe, as I ſuppoſe, the converſation turns upon matters to which he is quite a ſtranger.

Mrs. Bellaſton. But ſure, a well-bred youth ſhould never be a ſtranger to ſuch topics as are ſtarted in the company of women!

Mr. Vincent. A reſpectful ſilence ſuits his preſent age; and it is his buſineſs to be ſilent, and ſo learn to ſpeak in future, when his turn comes round.

Mrs. Bellaſton. And would you make the youth a doll, that is not to have motion till his wheels are on? But you ſhall hear my Leonora talk: ſhe does it with ſuch eaſe! ſuch ſpirit! ſuch vivacity! There is no ſuch thing as following her, when once ſhe is ſet a going.

Mr. Vincent. We ſhall ſee which of them will be moſt entitled to my love. You cannot but remember, how I promiſed at their father's death, to look upon them as my own. I will perform this ſacred duty. As I cannot tell how long I have to live, I am come to ſee theſe children, and to know their different characters; which I deſign to ſtudy, ſo that I may regulate accordingly the final diſpoſition of my fortune in their favour.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Such proceeding is entirely

tirely of a piece with every former token of your gratitude and generoſity. My brother even in his grave feels your beneficence: and how can I expreſs my obligation to you as I ought, for Leonora and her brother?

Mr. Vincent. What you call beneficence, dear lady, in me, is no more than duty. Your eſteemed and worthy father truſted to my care the education of his ſon, your brother; and this brother, anxious for his tutor's happineſs, preſented me the living that I poſſeſs. To him I am indebted, therefore, for my preſent happineſs; and as I have myſelf no children, his belong to me, and have a right even while I am living, and much more after I am dead, to all the worldly fortune that I poſſeſs, and which I ſtudy to increaſe for their advantage, and no other purpoſe.

Mrs. Bellaſton. I can eaſily believe you, and in that caſe Leonora, as the loveliеſt—

Mr. Vincent. If I make diſtinctions, it will not be upon account of frivolous, or outſide beauty; but ſuperior virtue, or ſuperior merit in them, will obtain the preference.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Ah! here Leonora comes.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Mr. Vincent, Mrs. Bellaſton, and Leonora, (dreſſed in all the extravagance of faſhion.)

Mr. Vincent, (*with aſtoniſhment.*) How! Is this then Leonora?

Mrs. Bellaſton. You are ſurpriſed, I ſee, to find her at firſt ſight ſo captivating. (*To Leonora.*) You have made us wait a little, my ſweet girl.

Leonora, (*making a ceremonious curtſey to Mr. Vincent.*) Becauſe the ſervant could not place my feathers to my liking, notwithſtanding ſhe removed them half a dozen times. I ſent her off at laſt quite out of humour, and did every thing myſelf.—I hope I ſee you well, ſir.

Mr. Vincent, (*going towards her, and affectionately holding out his hand.*) And I hope, my dear Leonora—(*Leonora turns away, and ſeems indifferent.*) Well!—are you unwilling to conſider me as if I were your father?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Yes, my dear; your father and your benefactor. I requeſt (*to Mr. Vincent*)

Vincent) you would excuſe her: ſhe has always been brought up in modeſty, and I have conſtantly enjoined her a reſerve.

Mr. Vincent. She would not, ſure, have violated either, by receiving me as children do a father. I muſt likewiſe tenderly reproach her for the circumſtance of having ſtaid ſo long up ſtairs, while I was all impatience to behold her.

Leonora. Pardon me, dear ſir; I was not fit to come before you with propriety.

Mr. Vincent. But, ſurely, a young lady ſhould be always fit to come before a plain man, as I am, with propriety! A modeſt and decent undreſs is all that ſhe wants, for ſuch a purpoſe, when at home.

Mrs. Bellaſton. You are right: but to receive a gueſt like Mr. Vincent! the reſpect which ſhe owes you whiſpered the neceſſity of putting on—

Mr. Vincent. One feather leſs; and might have whiſpered the propriety of being eager to come forth and meet a friend who travels forty miles to ſee her. Yes, I own, my heart would have been infinitely more delighted to behold my children—for the tenderneſs with which I think at all times of them,

them, and the gratitude which I owe their father, makes them ſuch; and therefore I repeat it—to behold my children run with open arms to meet me!

Mrs. Bellaſton. But the awe that ſeized her at firſt ſight of you—

Mr. Vincent. Let us drop the ſubject. When you ſee me next, you will receive me more affectionately. Won't you, Leonora? You are not diſpleaſed that I ſpeak thus freely to you? I was uſed to ſuch a language in your childhood: and the five long years that I have paſſed without once ſeeing you, have made no alteration in my heart. I hope, even when you are married, that I ſhall have permiſſion to continue ſuch a ſweet familiarity.

Leonora. It will be doing me a deal of honour.

Mr. Vincent. Oh! no more of theſe ſame ceremonious compliments! Say only that it will give you pleaſure. But how much you are altered for the better ſince I ſaw you laſt! An elegant appearance, eaſy manners, and a carriage—

Mrs. Bellaſton. Oh! quite charming! quite adorable!

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. And yet all this is nothing, if one wants the grace of modeſty, the charm of affability, the ſweet expreſſion goodneſs marks the countenance withal, and that perpetual ſource of pleaſure, a well cultivated underſtanding.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Yes, that ſort of cultivation which can only be purſued by intercourſe with faſhionable people.

Mr. Vincent. Faſhionable people, madam? And is Leonora to ſpend her life with ſuch? I have nothing left to wiſh her, if ſhe has but thoſe endearing qualities that may obtain her honour amongſt a well-choſen circle of acquaintances, at times indeed abroad, but commonly at home; enſuring her the approbation of her friends, and of her own heart.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Yes, yes; that is always underſtood. I mean that ſhe ſhould learn what ſort of conduct will procure her honour and reſpect from ſuch as know what life is, as we ſay. Come, Leonora, let us hear you play ſome pretty piece on your harpſichord.

Leonora. No, dear aunt; it might not be acceptable to Mr. Vincent.

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. Not acceptable, my deareſt child! I am quite delighted when I hear good muſic; and think no amuſement more proper for you.

Mrs. Bellaſton. What more worthy of our admiration, than thoſe charming ſciences called drawing, muſic, dancing, and perhaps, too, ſome few others? Leonora, give us that ſweet air of Signor Squalini's compoſition. (*Leonora goes to her harpſichord with a diſcontented air, fingers the keys, and begins a ſonata.*) No, no; you muſt ſing too, Leonora.—She has ſuch a voice, Mr. Vincent!—ſo ſweet!—You will hear it. If you knew how much applauſe ſhe got for her performance at the concert, you would be perfectly aſtoniſhed. You muſt know, however, ſhe is a little vain; and one muſt ſometimes kneel, or not a note—

Mr. Vincent. I hope I ſhall obtain a note, without proceeding to that ceremony.—Shan't I, Leonora?

Leonora. Sir, your commands are ſufficient at any time.

Mr. Vincent. No, my dear; I do not command, I only requeſt.

Leonora,

Leonora, (*in a whiſper to her aunt, while looking for the air.*) I am indebted for all this to you!

Mrs. Bellaſton, (*whiſpering Leonora.*) For heaven's ſake, Leonora, ſeem more cheerful; and do every thing that you are aſked. Your fortune, very poſſibly, depends upon it.

Mr. Vincent. If your voice, my love, is not ſo clear as you could wiſh, no matter: only ſing your beſt, and you are ſure to pleaſe me.

(*Leonora plays, and ſings the following words.*)

Sweetly ſmelling flower,
Thus waking with the morning hour,
Go to my Laura's breaſt, and grace
With added fragrance, that already fragrant place;
So thou wilt bloom indeed:—
But like a uſeleſs weed
If on the ſtalk, here, thou remain,
Thy beauty will decay;
Thy fragrance paſs away;
And thy bright colours glow in vain.

Mrs. Bellaſton, (*clapping her hands.*) Bravo! braviſſimo!

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. In truth it is not ſo much amiſs, conſidering ſhe is but a child. However, I ſuppoſed that I ſhould have heard a ſong containing ſomething of the principles with which, no doubt, you ſtudy to inſpire her.

Mrs. Bellaſton. How, dear ſir! do not you perceive the moral of it? (*She ſings.*)

If on the ſtalk, here, thou remain,
Thy beauty will decay;
Thy fragrance paſs away;
And thy bright colours glow in vain.

Which is as much as ſaying, our young women ſhould come forth and mingle with the world, if they would turn their knowledge to advantage, and not die ſhut up within their houſes.

Mr. Vincent. Truſt me, my dear lady, it is much rather there than elſewhere that worthy huſbands will be glad to find them. But what is this? (*caſting his eyes upon a drawing.*)

Mrs. Bellaſton. That is one of Leonora's doing. Do not you find it charming?

Mr. Vincent. It is not bad indeed, if Leonora did it all without the aſſiſtance of her maſter.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Why, to ſay the truth, ſir, he has touched it up a little.

Mr. Vincent. My opinion here again is, that Leonora would have ſhown more judgment in ſelecting ſomething of a different ſubject; as for inſtance, if inſtead of repreſenting thus a ſleeping ſhepherdeſs, ſurpriſed by a filthy fawn, ſhe had applied her pencil to ſet forth ſome virtuous action: *that* would have improved her hand as much, while it improved her heart ſtill more.

SCENE V.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Mr. Vincent, Leonora, Fanny.

Fanny. Sir, (*to Mr. Vincent,*) your portmanteau is arrived.—Where will you have it put?—In your apartment?

Mr. Vincent, (*to Mrs. Bellaſton.*) Do you mean then, my good lady, that I ſhall have my lodging with you?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Certainly; and by accepting it, you will do me no leſs honour than I myſelf have pleaſure in the offer.

Mr. Vincent. You oblige me. Therefore, with permiſſion, I will go ſee if every thing is right, and return immediately.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Leonora.

Leonora. He is gone at laſt, then! is he?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Softly, ſoftly, Leonora! he may chance to hear you.

Leonora. Let him hear me, if he pleaſes. I am ſo vexed, I could deſtroy my drawings, tear my muſic book, and daſh my inſtrument to pieces.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Be compoſed, my dear! you have occaſion now for all your moderation.

Leonora. It is enough, I think, that I ſhewed my moderation in his preſence. You yourſelf both ſaw and heard him.

Mrs. Bellaſton. People of his age have always many oddities.

Leonora. Why then expoſe me to them? You ſhould not have ſaid a word about my ſinging, aunt. I did not like to ſing. This always comes of your deſire to ſhew me to the beſt advantage, as you ſay; and though you ſee the miſchief, you will repeat it when he comes again.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bellaſton. My deareſt Leonora, be perſuaded: you do not know, perhaps, that your fortune in the world depends on Mr. Vincent.

Leonora. What! my fortune?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Yes, indeed. Muſt I inform you how much you are indebted to his bounty?

Leonora. Oh! I know: as far as certain petty preſents amount, which he ſends me now and then. But ſurely I could do without his preſents!

Mrs. Bellaſton. Ah, my deareſt child! without him you would be exceedingly unhappy. What your father left you is a very trifle; and my income no great matter. With the aſſiſtance of theſe means alone, it was not poſſible that I could have given you ſuch an education as you have.

Leonora. And is it poſſible that I am ſo indebted to him? Does he likewiſe ſhew himſelf a friend and benefactor to my brother?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Yes; it is he that pays his board and education.

Leonora. I was never told of this.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Since you have never wanted any thing, what need was there to tell you of it? You obſerve, by this, of what importance you ſhould think it to keep watch upon your conduct, and behave to Mr. Vincent with reſpect.—But ſtill, my dear, this is not all; for he is come expreſsly for the purpoſe of obſerving you and David before he makes his will, and gives you his eſtate accordingly—to each, as he ſuppoſes you to deſerve it.

Leonora. Oh! how ſorry I am now that I ſeemed ſo vexed and fretted in his preſence!

Mrs. Bellaſton. He is certainly a worthy man; but ſtill was much to blame in hearing with ſuch coldneſs your ſweet voice, and not appearing charmed with your harpſichord. But however that be, you muſt abſolutely ſeek to pleaſe him, or your brother will obtain a preference in his will.

Leonora. Alas! he merits it much more than I do.

Mrs. Bellaſton. More? You have too mean opinion of yourſelf, my ſweeteſt, if you think ſo! And beſides, if he ſhould really obtain a preference, what would be your

your deſtiny? A man can always make his way through life, but what reſources can a woman have?

Leonora. What indeed! Your argument convinces me that I ſhould have learnt things much more neceſſary than the uſe of a harpſichord, dancing, or even drawing.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Why, you ſimpleton! with ſuch a fortune as by Mr. Vincent's favour you have reaſon to hope, what can you deſire in preference to the arts of ſhining in a faſhionable circle? Mr. Vincent muſt be won: and with a little complaiſance, if you but ſhew it, you may do whatever you think proper with him.

SCENE VII.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Leonora, Fanny.

Fanny. Mr. Dandiprat, the dancing-maſter, madam.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Well, deſire him to walk up. (*The ſervant retires.*)

Leonora. No, aunt; let him be ſent away to-day, I beg, or I ſhall once again fret Mr. Vincent.

Mrs. Bellaſton. He muſt abſolutely ſee you dance; you move with ſo much eaſe, you will charm him, I am certain. (*Going to the door.*) Mr. Dandiprat, come in.

SCENE VIII.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Leonora, Dandiprat.

Mrs. Bellaſton. I appeal to you, ſir; does not Leonora dance like an angel?

Dandiprat, (*bowing.*) Abſolutely, madam.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Very likely I ſhall have a friend come here to ſee her dance a little. You will oblige me therefore if you make her ſhew her ſkill as much as poſſible, to pleaſe him.

Dandiprat. Certainly, madam; and my own ſkill too, you may depend on it.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Leonora, Dandiprat, Mr. Vincent.

Mrs. Bellaſton. A-propos; for here he comes. (*To Mr. Vincent entering.*) A chair for

for Mr. Vincent.—Here,—here, my dear ſir.—You are come in time for Leonora's dancing leſſon; you muſt ſee how ſhe performs. You would take her for a zephyr! —Mr. Dandiprat, pray let your pupil dance the new allemand.

Leonora. I cannot dance it by myſelf.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Fear nothing! Mr. Dandiprat will dance with you; and I will hum the tune. Come, never fear! I will keep good time.

Mr. Vincent. But what hinders us from having a minuet? I like that beſt, and beg to have it.

Dandiprat. I ſhall not perform it with a grace, if I muſt play as well as dance.

Mr. Vincent. Sir, it is not your performance that we conſider, but your pupil's.

Dandiprat. You would judge much better of her merit in a grand chaconne.

Mr. Vincent. Chaconne! what is that?

Dandiprat. It is in the higher ſtile of dancing.

Mr. Vincent. But Leonora never means to figure at the Opera-houſe. I want a minuet.

Dandiprat. As you pleaſe, ſir. Come then, miſs; a minuet. (*Leonora dances; Dandiprat moves with her, playing on his kit, and interrupts his muſic now and then with theſe inſtructions.*) Your head a little higher. —Shoulders back.—Let your arms play freely.—Sink.—One, two, and three.—Your partner.—Look at me.

Mr. Vincent, (*when the minuet is finiſhed.*) Come, this is tolerable, Leonora. (*To Dandiprat.*) Sir, your leſſon, if you pleaſe, is finiſhed for to-day. (*Dandiprat makes a ceremonious bow to the company, and leaves the room.*)

Leonora, (*whiſpering Mrs. Bellaſton.*) Well, aunt, you ſee what compliments I have had?

Mrs. Bellaſton. And is it poſſible, my dear good ſir, that you are not enchanted, raviſhed, nay tranſported? Surely your attention was diverted; or perhaps you are not recovered yet from the fatigue that your journey has occaſioned you?

Mr. Vincent. I beg your pardon, madam. I have already ſignified to Leonora how I liked her dancing; but you would not ſurely

ſee me in a tranſport at her merit in this way? No: I reſerve my extaſy for merit much more proper to excite it.

SCENE X.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Leonora, Mr. Vincent, David.

David, (running into the room towards Mr. Vincent, and embracing him with ardour.) O my dear, dear Mr. Vincent! my good friend and father! How rejoiced I am to ſee you!

Mrs. Bellaſton. How the boy ruſhes in! Do you mean to ſtifle Mr. Vincent?

Mr. Vincent. Let him do it, my good madam; for the tranſports of his joy delight me more than cold and ceremonious ſalutations. Yes, my deareſt David! come here, and let me preſs you to my heart. What pleaſing recollection you awake within me! Yes, theſe open features are the living image of your dear departed father!

Mrs. Bellaſton. Why not put your beſt clothes on? Do people ſee friends in that trim?

David. But aunt, it would have coſt me half an hour at leaſt to change my dreſs,

and put my hair in order; and I never ſhould have had the patience to delay ſo long the pleaſure of ſeeing Mr. Vincent.

Mr. Vincent. And I too, my dear boy, was quite impatient, and thought every minute half an hour between the time of my arrival and this moment.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Well, ſir; have you nothing then to ſay to me or Leonora? You have not ſo much as wiſhed us a good morning.

David. Pardon me, dear aunt! I was ſo glad, I did not know what I was doing. And do you forgive me too, dear ſiſter, (*holding out his hand,*) if without intention I have diſpleaſed you. Have I, Leonora?

Leonora, (*half offended.*) No, ſir.

Mr. Vincent. Excuſe him, madam, upon my account! I ſhould be ſorry to be the occaſion of reproach to him.

Mrs. Bellaſton, (*aſide.*) I can hold no longer!—Be ſo kind, good ſir, as to excuſe me: I have ſeveral orders to give the ſervants.

Mr. Vincent. Do not confine yourſelf on my account.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bellaſton, (*whiſpering Leonora.*) You will hardly ſtay and hear their inſupportable diſcourſe!—(*Aloud.*) Come, Leonora, I have ſomething to employ you in.

Leonora. No, aunt, I will ſtay with Mr. Vincent, if he will pleaſe to let me.

Mr. Vincent. Let you, my dear child! I ſhall be glad to have you with me. (*Mrs. Bellaſton goes out with manifeſt vexation.*)

SCENE XI.

Mr. Vincent, Leonora, David.

Mr. Vincent. Well, David; is your maſter well pleaſed with your behaviour and improvement?

David. He himſelf, ſir, is the proper perſon to anſwer that. One thing however I can ſay, that I am pretty well eſtabliſhed in his favour.

Mr. Vincent. What are you ſtudying at preſent?

David. Latin, Greek, and geography; the hiſtory of England, and the mathematics.

Leonora, (*aſide.*) Here are many things that I ſcarcely know by name!

Mr. Vincent. And pray tell me, do you like them?

David. Oh! the more I learn, the more I wiſh to go on learning; and am not the loweſt in my claſs, neither.

Mr. Vincent. Then too, your drawing, muſic, dancing——

David. Thoſe too I am learning; but apply myſelf much more, this ſultry weather, to the muſic-maſter and my drawing, as the doctor ſays that I muſt not exerciſe myſelf too violently. In return, when winter comes, I ſhall apply myſelf more cloſely to my dancing, when a deal of jumping will be comfortable.

Mr. Vincent. Why your plan, I muſt acknowledge, ſeems well laid.

David. Beſides, ſir, I ſhall never give a deal of time to dancing; hardly more than what the doctor lets me have for recreation. The eſſential thing, he tells me, is to form my heart, and cultivate my underſtanding, ſo that I may live with honour in the world, become a uſeful member of ſociety, and make myſelf by that means happy.

Mr. Vincent, (*embracing him.*) You are in the right, dear boy!

Leonora,

Leonora, (*aſide.*) If theſe are ſo eſſential, how has my aunt neglected me!

David. And yet, dear ſir, though you embrace and love me ſo, I am not, perhaps, ſo good as you imagine.

Mr. Vincent. How?

David. I am very giddy, and I waſte my time. I cannot rid myſelf of ſeveral exceptionable habits; and for want of thought, relapſe into thoſe very faults for which I have ſo frequently been ſorry.

Mr. Vincent. And will you ſtill relapſe into them?

David. Not if I have my thoughts about me; but I find it very difficult to keep in memory, at all times, my good reſolutions.

Mr. Vincent. I am very glad to find that you can diſcern yourſelf theſe faults within you. To acknowledge that we do wrong, is ſomething akin to doing well. What think you, Leonora?

Leonora. I believe, I am neither giddy, nor yet waſteful of my time; nor have I any of my brother's faults.

Mr. Vincent. Then I ſuppoſe you have other faults?

Leonora. I have never heard my aunt ſay that I had any.

Mr. Vincent. She ſhould know indeed, and be the firſt to notice them; but affection too often blinds us, ſo that we can ſee no faults in thoſe that we love.—I do not mean to vex you, by ſaying this, believe me.

Leonora, (*aſide.*) What a man! He flatters David, and anſwers me with nothing but vexatious ſpeeches!

Mr. Vincent. Wait here a little. I will go ſee if my ſervant has unpacked my trunks. I have ſomething for you, and ſhall ſoon be back.

David. Yes yes; we will wait here for you. Do not ſtay long.

SCENE XII.

Leonora, David.

Leonora. I fancy he may keep his preſents to himſelf! They muſt be charming things indeed that *he* has to give us!

David. What? Dear ſiſter! does not every thing that you have in your apartment,

ment, and even upon your back, come from our dear benefactor? Should he have the veriest trifle in his trunk to give me, I should still be charmed in thinking on his bounty!

Leonora. Possibly you might; but I am so angry with him, with myself, and with my aunt — that I could find it in my heart to quarrel with all the world.

David. What, with me too, among the rest?—What ails you then, my poor dear sister? (*taking Leonora by the hand.*)

Leonora. Had you been so mortified!—

David. So mortified! Have you been mortified then, sister? Who has mortified you? Not my aunt, for she will hardly let you breathe for fear of catching cold; and would, I fancy, suffer you to tread upon her, if to touch the ground could hurt you.

Leonora. Yes; but Mr. Vincent! he is so captious!

David. How you talk! I think him, on the contrary, indulgent and good-natured.

Leonora. I have done nothing to his liking. When I sung and danced, I could not please him; and my drawing had no better fortune. He despises every thing

that I know; and ſpeaks of merit much more calculated to excite his approbation, than a ſkill in dancing.

David. Between you and me, I think him in the right.

Leonora. In the right! Then my aunt is in the wrong, according to your notion, is ſhe? What does he mean by merit much more calculated to excite his approbation, than a ſkill in dancing?

David. I can tell you, and yet not be very learned.

Leonora. Oh yes! you indeed! Well then, what is it?

David. Tell me, Leonora, do you ever read?

Leonora. Yes, doubtleſs, when I have time.

David. And what?

Leonora. Why plays, before I go to ſee them; and a great variety of ſongs, that I may ſing them to my maſter.

David. That is fine reading, truly, for your age! And do not you think that you might have books much more inſtructive?

Leonora. If I might, what time have I to read them? It is full one o'clock before I have

have breakfaſted, and put my morning dreſs on. Then comes Mr. Quaver; and when he has left me, Mr. Dandiprat. I dine at four; and after dinner, dreſs for company, which we receive at home; or elſe go out a viſiting, and then the day is over.

David. And is every day ſpent thus?

Leonora. No doubt.

David. Well, ſiſter, I can tell you that Doctor Sharp, my maſter, has three daughters of about your age; but they employ their time in quite another manner.

Leonora. How?

David. Firſt then, at ſix in Summer, and at eight in Winter, they are dreſſed completely for the day.

Leonora. Then they do not ſleep enough, and muſt be very heavy long before night comes.

David. On the contrary, they are briſker far than you, becauſe they go to bed at ten every night.

Leonora. To bed at ten!

David. At ten; that they may get up early in the morning. When you are faſt aſleep in bed, they have received their leſſons in geography and cyphering. When the

the clock ſtrikes ten, they take their needle-work in hand till noon; and then aſſiſt their mother in the houſe.

Leonora. Does their mother mean to make them houſe-maids?

David. She may hope, by means of ſuch an education, to procure them ſomething better. But, however that be, ſhould they not be taught to govern ſervants, regulate a table, and conduct their houſe?

Leonora. And after dinner are they buſy?

David. Why not buſy? They have then their harpſichord, or writing; and at night, aſſemble round a table, where they read by turns in the Spectator, or Miſs Moore's laſt publication, *Sacred Dramas*; while the two that are not occupied upon their book, employ themſelves in mending their own clothes, or examining the linen of the houſe, and mending it, if needful.

Leonora. So then they never take any recreation?

David. Oh! I beg your pardon! They amuſe themſelves as if they were three queens; for all theſe taſks are intermixed with little ſports, and pleaſant converſation. They pay viſits alſo, and receive them; but

take care to have their work-bags, and I never ſaw them idle for a minute.

Leonora. This is certainly what Mr. Vincent meant. And yet my aunt has often told me, that ſuch an education as, according to your account, the Miſs Sharps receive, is only fit for tradeſmen's children.

David. But ſuppoſing them to be tradeſmen's children, would they find this education uſeleſs to them? They ſhould certainly know houſhold work, or how will they be able to direct a ſervant? If they know nothing of it, every one will join to cheat them; and the richer they may be, the greater probability there is that even the ſervants whom they employ, will join each other to effect their ruin.

Leonora. I proteſt you fright me! I know nothing of the work about a houſe! ſcarce how to hold a needle! Yet I have juſt been told, that we have nothing in the world, except what Mr. Vincent's bounty gives us.

David. Ah dear ſiſter ſo much the worſe for us! ſhould he leave us, or ſhould we unfortunately loſe him—But poſſibly my aunt is rich?

Leonora.

Leonora. Oh no; ſhe told me the contrary ſcarce half an hour ago. She has no more than is ſufficient for herſelf. In caſe then any accident ſhould happen with reſpect to Mr. Vincent, what would be our fate?

David. I ſhould be at firſt put to difficulties; but my maſter tells me that I ſhould truſt in God, and hope that he never would forſake me. His opinion is, that there are always generous people in the world, whoſe friendſhip may be gained by an exertion of one's ſkill to ſerve them in the way of ſome profeſſion, and who frequently create employment for the induſtrious. Thus then, in the courſe of ſome few years, when I am more advanced in learning, I might undertake to teach ſuch children as know leſs than I do. I ſhould even improve myſelf by ſuch an occupation, and with good behaviour on my part, be ſure of living with ſome ſort of eaſe and comfort, and perhaps ſtrike out a way to fortune.

Leonora. But what benefit could I derive from all my ſkill in dancing, or in drawing, or in muſic? I ſhould die perhaps of hunger,

hunger, notwithſtanding all theſe vain accompliſhments.

David. And therefore Mr. Vincent cannot be well pleaſed when he diſcovers that you have been put to nothing but thoſe arts which ſerve for ornament or pleaſure.

Leonora. And vexation ſometimes, David; for when I dance, or ſing in company, if I am not praiſed as much as I ſuppoſe myſelf to merit, you cannot think how much I am fretted at the diſappointment!—Shall I alſo tell you that I am often tired of thoſe fine matters, which my aunt ſays ſerve us to paſs time away with ſatisfaction.

David. And how do you entertain yourſelf then?

Leonora. With the opera, dreſs, faſhions, walks, and ſcandal; we tell in one houſe what we have obſerved beforehand in another. But theſe helps to converſation, and the art of killing time, ſoon fails us.

David. I believe ſo: They are very poor ſubjects of entertainment, when one thinks of thoſe that may be found in art and nature, which not only occupy our time agreeably, but teach us to reflect upon ourſelves.

Leonora.

Leonora. You have convinced me of it by yourſelf, who notwithſtanding you are two years younger than I am, are ſo much more improved. How many uſeful things has aunt neglected in my education!

SCENE XIII.

Leonora, David, Mrs. Bellaſton.

Mrs. Bellaſton, (*having overheard what Leonora ſaid.*) And what uſeful things have I neglected in your education then, Miſs Thankleſs? (*aſide.*) But all this is owing to David.

David. Well, good bye, ſiſter, and good bye, dear aunt. I wonder Mr. Vincent ſtays ſo long up ſtairs. I will run and ſeek him, if you pleaſe. (*goes out.*)

SCENE XIV.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Leonora.

Mrs. Bellaſton. The good-for-nothing blockhead! Let his friend be once ſet off, and we ſhall ſee if he preſumes to come into my

my preſence again. But what has he been ſaying, that you think your education thus neglected?

Leonora. Indeed, dear aunt, it is true; for have you let me learn thoſe uſeful matters which a young perſon ought to know?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Uſeful matters, my divine, dear Leonora! Is there any thing wanting in the leaſt to your perfections? Does not every one acknowledge that you are quite accompliſhed?

Leonora. Some things I know, it is true; but they are only ſuch as ſerve to flatter vanity. Thoſe arts that ornament the mind, as Geography, Arithmetic, Hiſtory—

Mrs. Bellaſton. All downright pedantry! I ſhould be vexed to death, if I had puzzled your poor brains with ſuch old ſtuff, that is only fit for ſuch a one as David. Why Leonora, did you ever hear, where I have carried you, that faſhionable women mind ſuch nonſenſe?

Leonora. No indeed; but ſtill, why not inſtruct me in thoſe houſhold arts at leaſt, that a perſon of my ſex ſhould know? Can I even hold a needle?

Mr.

Mrs. Bellaſton. No; and why? becauſe I never meant you for a mantua-maker.

Leonora. But ſuppoſing Mr. Vincent to die, ſuppoſing that I was to fall into diſtreſs, what are my reſources? how ſhould I ſubſiſt?

Mrs. Bellaſton. If that be all, I have a ſingle word that will ſettle every thing, as I can tell you now that you will never want for money, but even ſwim in plenty. I have teazed Mr. Vincent ſo effectually, that he means to leave you all his fortune. But here he comes himſelf. I leave you with him, as he means to tell you his intentions.

SCENE XV.

Leonora, Mr. Vincent, David.

David, (*running to his ſiſter with a watch.*) Look ye! look ye, ſiſter!

Leonora. How! what is this? a watch?

David. Yes, ſiſter! and a gold one! O my dear, dear Mr. Vincent! how rejoiced I am! Pray let me go and ſhew it to the doctor. I will be there and back again immediately.

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. With all my heart. Inform him, that it was not my deſign to pleaſe your vanity by ſuch a preſent, but that you might know the different hours allotted to your different ſtudies, and be always ready for your maſters.

David. Oh, I ſhall be always ready for them now, that is certain.

Mr. Vincent. Beg him likewiſe to allow you the remainder of the day from ſchool; and tell him that I mean to call upon him in the afternoon.

David. Yes, yes, I will. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE XVI.

Mr. Vincent, Leonora, (who appears penſive.)

Mr. Vincent. Well, Leonora, why ſo gloomy? What is the matter with you?

Leonora. Nothing, ſir.

Mr. Vincent. You are not vexed that I have made your brother ſuch a preſent?

Leonora. Doubtleſs he will be very careful of it, and knows how to handle it!

Mr. Vincent. I have ſhewn him how, and there is no difficulty in the matter. You are ſenſible that he wanted one.

Leonora.

Leonora. Quite ſo: and I, for my part, could not find a uſe for ſuch a bauble.

Mr. Vincent. I was thinking ſo: you have a clock upon the ſtaircaſe.

Leonora. True; and yet there is hardly a young lady that I know, but has a watch.

Mr. Vincent. That is lucky; you may aſk them then the hour at any time.

Leonora. I may; and when they aſk the ſame of me, make anſwer that I cannot tell them.

Mr. Vincent. Leonora, Leonora, you are an envious little puſs, I ſee! but here is to prove that you have not been forgotten. (*giving her a caſe.*)

Leonora, (*bluſhing.*) O, my dear good Mr. Vincent!

Mr. Vincent. Well, I ſee you do not know how to open it. (*He opens it himſelf, and ſhews a pair of diamond ear-rings.*) Are you content with theſe?

Leonora. Oh yes, if you are but content with me!

Mr. Vincent. To ſay the truth, my dear, I am not quite ſo: we are now alone, and I muſt uſe a little freedom in converſing with you. Your dear aunt has ſpared no coſt to let

let you have agreeable accompliſhments; and your appearance is a proof of her affection and good taſte. I could only have wiſhed that ſhe had been minded to beſtow a uſeful education on you.

Leonora. David has been diſcourſing on this ſubject, and has convinced me that I want every thing which would be uſeful to me at a future time of life; but how may I acquire a knowledge of theſe uſeful matters?

Mr. Vincent. I am acquainted with a worthy gentlewoman, who inſtructs young ladies in ſuch knowledge as is ſuited to their ſex.

Leonora. My aunt, however, mentioned that you would put me into ſuch a ſtate as would not need this knowledge.

Mr. Vincent. I underſtand you; and to ſhew my real diſpoſition, leave you quite at liberty to chuſe that way of life in which ſhe meant to ſee you figure, ſince it ſuits your inclination. Yes, my deareſt child, rely on my affection. After my deceaſe I will give you every ſhilling that I poſſeſs.

Leonora. What, all your fortune?

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. Yes, Leonora, all; but not without a fear that it will be ſtill too little to prevent your being really unhappy.

Leonora. Is it poſſible?

Mr. Vincent. Are you qualified to do yourſelf the ſlighteſt ſervice? or make up, upon occaſion, I do not ſay a coſtly garment, but the plaineſt gown that you ever wore?

Leonora. Alas! ſir, I was never taught.

Mr. Vincent. It is plain, then, you muſt always have a crowd about you to make up thoſe articles which you have no hands to make yourſelf. You know, I ſuppoſe, how much faſhionable women have occaſion to lay out, that they may keep their title up with thoſe who are as gay and fooliſh as themſelves! Now tell me, are you to ſuppoſe that my property, when you are miſtreſs of it, will ſuffice for this?

Leonora. I hope, ſir, it will be enough, with the œconomy that I ſhall obſerve, to render me as happy as you wiſh me to be.

Mr. Vincent. Truſt me, notwithſtanding your œconomy, if you continue ignorant, it will not. And beſides, when you are come of age, what prudent man will take a woman who

who poſſeſſes no one talent conducive to his happineſs? It is plain, then, nothing but the fortune that you poſſeſs will render you an eligible wife; and this circumſtance ſhews ſtill ſtronger the neceſſity of ſecuring a fortune to you after my death.

Leonora. O, ſir! but then my brother—

Mr. Vincent. He muſt be content with what I do in his behalf while living, and the proofs of your affection when I am dead. I mean to have him taught whatever may be uſeful to him in the ſtate of life that he may prefer; as in that, with induſtry, it is not improbable but he may make a fortune. I myſelf am an example of this probability: he need but do as I have done. I leave you to reflect on my intentions, and ſhall communicate them to him, as ſoon as he returns.

SCENE XVII.

Leonora, (alone.)

Oh, what pleaſure! heireſs to all his fortune! This is what my aunt deſired ſo earneſtly. I ſhould be glad to know what

David will ſay when Mr. Vincent tells him his intentions. He muſt be very jealous of me. However, I ſhall not forget him. No, indeed; if I have any thing to ſpare. I muſt and will have ſomething for him: but I hear Mr. Vincent coming back with David.—A lucky thought! I will ſteal into this cloſet here, and liſten to their converſation. (*She goes in, and ſhuts the door, unnoticed.*)

SCENE XVIII.

Mr. Vincent, David.

Mr. Vincent. So your maſter is pleaſed then that I have made you ſuch a preſent?

David. Yes, enchanted; but for my part, upon ſecond thoughts, I am ſorry for it.

Mr. Vincent. Sorry, David, and why?

David. Poor Leonora! ſhe muſt doubtleſs be quite vexed at having nothing, when I am maſter of a watch. I would not ſeem indifferent to your favours; notwithſtanding, if I durſt, I would deſire you——

Mr. Vincent. Generous little fellow! do not be uneaſy; Leonora has received a pair of

of diamond ear-rings, worth ten watches ſuch as yours.

David. O my dear Mr. Vincent, how I thank you!

Mr. Vincent. And I ſhall not confine my friendſhip and affection to the gift of ſuch a trifle.

David. O my generous friend and father!

Mr. Vincent. I obſerve, with grief, that her education cannot but be the cauſe of ſorrow to her hereafter.

David. So I likewiſe fear, ſir; my dear aunt imagines that a little drawing, dancing, ſinging, and the like, are all that ſhe wants to be happy in the world.

Mr. Vincent. To theſe frivolous embelliſhments then ſhe ſacrifices the much more important cultivation of her underſtanding; and forbears inſpiring her with thoſe good qualities which have alone a claim on human approbation. As your ſiſter's reaſon has been ſo neglected, ſhe is pleaſed with thoſe applauſes that are offered on the altar of her vanity. But when, in ſome few years, ſhe ſees how many uſeful matters of inſtruction, and how much ineſtimable time

ſhe has for ever loſt, ſhe will inevitably bluſh at her own conduct, and even execrate her flatterers; who, on their ſide, will repay her hatred with their ridicule and ſcorn.

David. O ſir, you make me tremble for my poor dear ſiſter!

Mr. Vincent. And beſides, what reaſonable man will take up with a wife whoſe want of knowledge is ſo glaring; who inſtead of being able to eſtabliſh order and œconomy within a houſe, muſt diſſipate the greateſt fortune by her love of luxury; and who will have an incapacity, no leſs unworthy the eſteem of him that is to be her huſband, than the veneration of his children. She muſt of neceſſity be as a ſtranger in the world, to every one about her. What would ſuch a woman do without my friendſhip?

David. O dear ſir, let me beſeech you, do not take away your favour from her.

Mr. Vincent. No; for on the contrary, I am now upon the point of doing ſomething for her.

David. Yes, dear ſir; procure her a more uſeful education. Leonora does not want for underſtanding, or good principles.

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. I would with all my heart; but at her age, can one expect that ſhe will ſubmit to any rigid treatment, after the indulgence that ſhe has received at home? No, no; I ſee it will be better to determine upon ſomething for her benefit, which ſhall take place when I am in my grave.

David. For heaven's ſake, ſir, do not ſpeak ſo, I beſeech you. No: I truſt you are to live much longer for our common good; and Providence will not ſo ſoon deprive us of our ſecond father.

Mr. Vincent. I am ſenſible of your affection; but the fear of death will not delay the fatal moment of its coming. Leonora's future lot gives me pain, whenever I reflect on what it may be; and in ſhort, I am reſolved to give her my whole fortune, that at leaſt ſhe may have wherewithal to keep herſelf from want.

David, (*taking Mr. Vincent's hand.*) Oh thank you ten times over! How rejoiced I am, ſir! Shall I leave you for a moment, and go tell her this good news? But—no; it will be better to conceal it from her, or at leaſt till ſhe has been induced to get ſome uſeful knowledge, from a notion that ſhe

muſt live, in future, by her induſtry. She will, by that means, know much better how to manage what you give her. O my deareſt Leonora! after all, then, I may hope to ſee you happy.

Mr. Vincent. Worthy little fellow! I am no leſs delighted with your generoſity, than underſtanding. Come to my arms my dear child! Could I intend to give your ſiſter every thing, and leave you nothing? That were to the laſt degree unjuſt: and therefore I revoke my firſt intention. It is you that *ſhould* be my ſole heir, and with propriety I ought to make my will accordingly.

David. No, no, dear ſir, preſerve your firſt intention, and give Leonora all your fortune. I ſhall be much more diligent in my improvement, and more anxious to acquire uſeful knowledge which, I doubt not, with God's bleſſing, will ſuffice for my advancement.

Mr. Vincent. Do not be uneaſy with regard to Leonora. When I ſaid that you ſhould be my ſole heir, it was not my idea that Leonora ſhould be left without a trifling legacy, ſufficient to obtain her neceſſary things.

David.

David. Well then, let us exchange; the trifling legacy for me, by way of token from you, and the reſt for Leonora.

SCENE the laſt.

Mr. Vincent, David, Leonora, (coming out of the cloſet, and running to embrace her brother.)

Leonora. O my deareſt brother! have I merited ſo much affection from you?

David. Yes, dear ſiſter, if you will but do as I could wiſh, and be what our good benefactor ſo much longs to ſee you.

Leonora. If! Should it be a queſtion? I *will* be ſo. I diſcern how much the difference of our education has exalted your ideas above mine, though I am ſo much older.—My good friend and father, let my future fortune be whatever you think proper; I can never be unhappy, if I leave you to determine for me. I deſire inſtruction, likewiſe, and will take my brother for a model.

Mr. Vincent. You will unavoidably be happy, if you keep this prudent reſolution.

But pray tell me, whence proceeds this change in your ideas?

Leonora. I have juſt heard my brother's wiſhes for me; his diſintereſtedneſs and generous ſacrifice. I have heard too how *you* love me. I will reverence you for the future, and give up the little jealouſies that I entertained againſt my brother. He ſhall be my guide and friend.

David. I will endeavour to be ſuch, dear ſiſter: it will be my boaſt and pleaſure, if I proſper.

Mr. Vincent. With what pleaſing ſentiments, dear children, do you inſpire me! I am now no longer ſorry that Providence has left me childleſs. I conſider you no leſs affectionately than I ſhould do had I given you life; and think that I ſee your father, who looks down from heaven, well pleaſed in having left me ſuch dear pledges of his love. (*Leonora and her brother take him by the hand, and bathe it with their tears.*)

Leonora. Let us not loſe a moment, ſir. Where does that worthy gentlewoman live, whom you mentioned to me, as a perſon that would teach me uſeful things?

Mr. Vincent. I will introduce you to her ſhortly

ſhortly. I ſhall ſtay here ſome few days, and will endeavour to bring over, if I can, your aunt, not all at once, but by degrees, to ſecond my deſigns. You muſt be careful not to anger or diſpleaſe her. She deſerves your gratitude. She has but erred reſpecting what was likely to inſure your happineſs: her wiſh was not the leſs to make you happy.

Leonora. I believe ſo; but renounce, from henceforth, all the nonſenſe that I have been put to ſtudy. No more dancing, no more drawing, no more muſic, for the future.

Mr. Vincent. No, dear Leonora, that would be wrong again. On the contrary, you ought to cultivate them; for, in truth, they are deſirable accompliſhments. Only remember that they do not conſtitute all the merit that is required in a woman. They may render her more welcome in good company; be a relaxation to her after the cares attendant on a houſe and family, and make her ſtill more fond of living in retirement: add another tie to the attachment of her huſband, guide her in the choice of maſters for her children, and enable her to

further their improvement. They are only prejudicial when they feed her vanity, and make her give into a fatal diſſipation, or contempt of duties in that ſtate of life to which God's providence has called her. They are flowers, in ſhort, that may poſſeſs ſome little portion of one's garden, if the reſt be ſet apart for fruits and vegetables.

THE PRESENT.

Mrs. Maddiſon, Viola, her daughter.

Viola. MAMA, you know that my brother's birth-day will come very ſoon, and I do not know what preſent to make him. I hope you will give me ſomething to beſtow upon him as a preſent on the occaſion.

Mrs. Maddiſon. Doubtleſs I might eaſily do ſo, but I ſhould like much rather to preſent him with that ſomething on my own account. Do you imagine that I enjoy leſs pleaſure than yourſelf in making preſents? And beſides, reflect that if I give you

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you any thing, in order that you may afterwards give it to your brother, it is my gift, not yours.

Viola. That is true indeed, mama: and yet I ſhould be very glad if I had any thing to give him.

Mrs. Maddiſon. Well then, let us reflect a little. How ſhall we proceed? You cannot ſurely but have ſomething by you! as for inſtance, your little orange-tree?

Viola. My little orange-tree, mama, that bears ſuch fine bloſſoms to ornament all my noſegays!

Mrs. Maddiſon. Well, what think you of your lamb?

Viola. O dear mama! my lamb, that loves and follows me ſo prettily!

Mrs. Maddiſon. Your doves, then?

Viola. I reſolved, you know, to bring them up before they well had broken the ſhell; ſo they are my children, and I cannot part with them.

Mrs. Maddiſon. I ſee then that you have nothing to give your brother!

Viola. Now I recollect, I have.

Mrs. Maddiſon. And what?

Viola. You know that purſe, which my aunt Tereſa gave me for a Chriſtmas-box laſt year; you muſt own it is very pretty!

Mrs. Maddiſon. True, my dear: but do you think that your brother will be pleaſed with ſuch a gift? for not to mention that he can never wear it long, I fancy you remember, when you had it firſt, you did not like it much yourſelf, and put it careleſsly into a drawer, as what you had no wiſh to ſee again; and this your brother knew, and cannot but remember when you bring it out.

Viola. But notwithſtanding that, mama, it is ſtill a very pretty preſent.

Mrs. Maddiſon. No, my dear: that only can be called a pretty preſent, which we ſhould be glad to keep, and which the party ſo obliged would equally be glad to have.

Viola. And muſt I give my brother every thing that I ſhould be glad to keep?

Mrs. Maddiſon. No: juſt as much, or juſt as little, as you pleaſe; provided what you give appears to be a token of your friendſhip.

Viola, (*after a little reflexion.*) Well, well, I will make up a noſegay of my fineſt orange

orange bloſſoms, and preſent it to Henry, with my lamb.

Mrs. Maddiſon. Well fancied! ſuch a gift will ſhew him your affection, ſince he knows that you would be very deſirous to keep the lamb yourſelf.

Viola. Nor yet, mama, is this the whole; for every day I will take a walk out with my brother, that the lamb may uſe itſelf to follow him, as well as me. The little creature in this manner will be quite familiar with my brother, when I give him away; and my brother will love him the better.

Mrs. Maddiſon. Come my deareſt, and embrace me. Be aſſured, this delicate attention will encreaſe the value of your preſent. Thus the mereſt trifle may become a valuable object, when beſtowed with ſuch a grace. You could not give your brother, or even me, ſuch joy by any other preſent.

Nor myſelf, mama, replied Viola, with vivacity.

You will be happier ſtill, continued Mrs. Maddiſon, when once the birth-day comes; becauſe, as I muſt contribute ſomething, I intend that you ſhall perform the honours,

for

for me, of a little cold collation to be ſerved up in the garden, for your brother, and ſuch friends as he may wiſh to have invited.

Hearing this, the little lady kiſſed her mother's hand with ardour, and immediately ran off to make up half a dozen artificial roſes, with a crimſon ribbon which ſhe had by her. And with thoſe roſes ſhe intended to dreſs out the lamb on her brother's birth-day, when ſhe made him ſo affectionate a preſent.

THE BLACKSMITH.

A Gentleman of fortune paſſing very late one night before a blackſmith's habitation, was ſurpriſed to ſee him buſy at his forge, when every perſon in the neighbourhood was gone to reſt. He had a curioſity to know what reaſon he could have for working thus at midnight, and if twelve hours labour in the day would not ſuffice him to provide ſubſiſtence for his family.

I do

I do not work for myſelf, replied the blackſmith, but for a neighbour here of mine, who has unfortunately been burnt out. I riſe two hours before the uſual time of labour every morning, and continue working two hours after at leaſt, and ſometimes longer, as is now the caſe, and this I do, that I may help him in his deſtitute condition. If I had but any thing myſelf, I would divide it with him; but my all is nothing, except this ſhop, and ſome ſmall ſtock of metal, which I cannot ſell, becauſe it is what ſupports me. Thus I work every day four hours extraordinary, which amounts to two days in the courſe of a week, and the earnings of thoſe two days I can yield to him. Thank heaven, at this time of the year there is work enough! and while I have but ſtrength, it is my duty to aſſiſt the unhappy.

This is very generous, my good friend, on your part, ſaid the gentleman, as I ſuppoſe your neighbour never will be able to repay your kindneſs.

Truly, ſir, I fear he will not: but I fear it on his account alone, not mine. However,

ever, I am ſure he would rejoice to do as much for me, were I in his condition.

At theſe words, the gentleman, not wiſhing to intrude upon the blackſmith any longer, wiſhed him a good night, and went away.

Upon the morrow, having put into his purſe a note for twenty pounds, which he could afford to give away, he went out, and meant to leave it with the blackſmith, whoſe beneficence he was reſolved to recompence, by putting it in his power to buy whatever metal he might want, at the cheapeſt market, to undertake more buſineſs, and to lay by a little from his labour, to ſupport him in old age.

But what was his ſurpriſe, when the blackſmith bade him take his money back again! I cannot lay it out, ſaid he, becauſe I have not earned it. I can well afford to pay for all the iron that I uſe, and if ever I ſhould be in want of more, the merchant would ſupply me with it, on my note. It would be abſolute ingratitude in me to take that profit from him which he is uſed to make upon his goods, when he has

has never heſitated to ſupply me with as much as I could aſk, even when I had no other coat than that upon my back: but you may make a better uſe, ſir, of this money, if you lend it, free of intereſt, to my unhappy neighbour. He might then recover his affairs, and I ſleep out my belly full.

The gentleman, with all his rhetoric, not being able to prevail upon the blackſmith to accept his offer, followed the advice that he gave him; and was highly gratified in thinking that he had made two happy, when at firſt his generoſity had wiſhed to ſerve one only.

THE GENEROUS ORPHAN.

MRS. Fairborne had hardly loſt her huſband, when a law-ſuit, in which he had been engaged, was determined to her diſadvantage; the greateſt part of her poſſeſſions being dependent on the verdict. She was under the neceſſity of ſelling all her

her furniture, and ſome few jewels; after which, when ſhe had placed the produce at a banker's, ſhe withdrew into a village, where the neceſſaries of life were not ſo high, and where ſhe apprehended ſhe might live with tolerable decency upon her trifling income.

Hardly had ſhe paſſed a month or two in her retreat, before ſhe was given to underſtand that her banker was gone off, and all her money with him. Let any one imagine the horror of her ſituation. Grief and ſickneſs had long ſince diſabled her from doing any thing like labour for her livelihood; and after having paſſed her youth in eaſe and pleaſure, ſhe had no reſources left her in old age, except an almſ-houſe, or the common refuge of the poor, beggary.

In reality, there was not one of her acquaintance who would condeſcend to have the leaſt degree of intereſt in her ſufferings. Brought by her beloved huſband from a foreign country, ſhe had no one to whom ſhe could fly for aſſiſtance. None, except a tolerably near relation, whom ſhe herſelf had brought to England; and whom, by granting him her huſband's credit, ſhe had rendered

rendered wealthy. But this man, a pattern of ſordid avarice, was not likely to relieve another, when he would not even allow himſelf the neceſſaries of life.

In this helpleſs ſituation, there was, luckily, one reſource ſtill left for her ſubſiſtence. In the years of her proſperity, ſhe had adopted a young female orphan, named Clarinda, and ſhe now became her guardian angel. Mrs. Fairborne's former kindneſſes inſpired her with a wiſh of ſhewing that ſhe was grateful for them.

No, ſaid ſhe, (when her unhappy miſtreſs mentioned her deſign of ſeeking the aſylum of a pariſh work-houſe,) I will never leave you. From your tenderneſs, I formerly received the treatment of a child; and, if in your proſperity I thought it ſo deſirable to be related to you by adoption, I ſtill think it more ſo, now, in your adverſity.

Thank heaven and your adoption, I live comfortably. Your maternal conduct was evinced in teaching me all neceſſary female arts; I ſhall, at preſent, therefore, look upon it as a boaſt, that I can exerciſe my knowledge for your ſake. With health and courage,

courage, I ſhall be at leaſt enabled to procure a living for us both.

The unhappy widow was exceedingly affected at this generous offer. She embraced Clarinda, and with joy conſented to accept it.

We are now then to ſuppoſe Clarinda, in her turn, become the mother, by adoption, of her former benefactreſs. She was far from thinking it enough to feed her with the produce of an unremitting labour; ſhe conſoled her in affliction, aided her in ſickneſs, and endeavoured, by the tendereſt cares, to make up for all the injuſtice of her lot.

The conſtancy and ardour of her attention did not relax a moment for two years, in which long time her miſtreſs was made happy by her bounty; and when death removed her, ſhe lamented, with ſincerity, what ſhe conſidered as a grievous loſs.

Some little ſeaſon after this, died alſo the kinſman above-mentioned, who had ſhewn himſelf ſo utterly inſenſible to every claim of gratitude and kindred. As he could not take his money with him, he ſuppoſed it would

would be making ſome atonement for his want of natural affection, if he left the injured lady all his fortune.

But this ſuccour came too late, as Mrs. Fairborne was not able to avail herſelf of it; ſhe had not even the conſolation, at her death, of knowing that ſuch a change had happened in her fortune; as, in that caſe, ſhe might eaſily have turned it to the benefit of her affectionate Clarinda.

The inheritance in queſtion therefore fell, for want of heirſhip, to the king. As Providence would have it, the enquiries made on ſuch a rare occurrence, brought him to a knowledge of the generous orphan's conduct.

Ah! ſaid he, Clarinda merits this inheritance; and therefore I renounce my rights to favour her's; and ſhall be happy to approve myſelf her friend and father.

All the nation joined in the applauſe of ſuch a liberal action; and Clarinda, when poſſeſſed of this honourable recompence of her gratitude, employed it in maintaining orphans, ſuch as ſhe had been; and took the greateſt pleaſure in inſpiring them with ſenti-

ſentiments, like thoſe by which ſhe had herſelf deſerved her fortune.

THE DIRTY BOOTS.

FORTUNATUS, proud of his high birth, was not content with inwardly deſpiſing every one inferior to himſelf in point of fortune, but preſumed to take ſuch airs upon him as evinced the ſcorn with which he viewed them. As it chanced, one day he ſaw his father's footman cleaning ſhoes! Fooh! what a filthy buſineſs! cried he, as he paſſed him, turning up his noſe: for all the world I would not be a ſhoe-black.—Very likely, ſaid John; and I, for my part, hope that I ſhall never be *your* ſhoe-black.

All the laſt week's weather had been very bad, but now it was grown clear and bright; on which account young Fortunatus received his father's permiſſion to take a ride on horſeback. Now the promiſe of this ride afforded him the greater pleaſure,

as

as the day before, when he was out, he had been hindered, by a heavy ſhower of rain, from going far. However, he had been far enough to ſplaſh his boots from top to bottom, and they were not yet quite dry.

Tranſported with the thought of his ride, he ran down to John, who was at breakfaſt in the kitchen, and with an imperious tone of voice, cried out, " John, John! I am going out on horſeback! Run and clean my boots! do you hear me?" John pretended that he did not, and continued at his breakfaſt, quite compoſed. In vain Fortunatus put himſelf into a paſſion, and called him a hundred names. John contented himſelf with anſwering him very calmly, " I have told you, ſir, already, if you recollect, that I hoped never to become *your* ſhoe-black."

In the mean time Fortunatus, ſeeing he could not, in ſpite of all his menaces, prevail upon John to do as he deſired, returned quite full of rage, and made complaint about him to his father. Mr. Railton could not comprehend why John refuſed a buſineſs that belonged to his employment, and which hitherto he had performed without expecting

ing orders for that purpoſe; ſo he ſent to ſpeak a little with him, and was told of the affair.

His conduct was fully approved by Mr. Railton, who not only blamed his ſon, but told him that he might go and clean his boots himſelf, or ſtay at home, which ever he thought proper. He forbad the other ſervants to aſſiſt him in this buſineſs. "You will learn, ſir, (added he,) how ſilly it is to look with ſcorn on ſervices that contribute to our comfort and convenience; ſervices, the rigour of which you ſhould rather ſtrive to ſoften, by a gentleneſs of manners in yourſelf. Therefore, ſince a *ſhoe-black's* trade is ſo diſgraceful, be ſo kind as to ennoble it, by being, for the future, your own ſhoe-black."

Such a ſentence turned his promiſed pleaſure into ſorrow. He was very eager for a ride on horſeback, it was ſuch fine weather; but—to clean his boots himſelf! he could not ſtoop to ſuch an office. On the other hand, his pride would not permit him to go out with dirty boots, in which caſe every one he met would ridicule him. He applied ſucceſſively to every ſervant in the houſe,

houſe, with offers of money to corrupt them; but not one could be perſuaded to diſobey his maſter's order. Thus, then, Fortunatus was obliged to ſtay at home, till in the end his pride permitted him to ſtoop ſo low as the conditions laid upon him. On the next day John reſumed his office without bidding; and the humbled Fortunatus, having exerciſed it once, would never afterwards gratify his pride, by vilifying what was in itſelf ſo uſeful.

THE TATLER.

AURELIA, though ſufficiently good-tempered, had contracted one great fault, and that was calumny. She publiſhed every where whatever ſhe perceived amiſs in others, though they were her deareſt friends. The inexperience of her age induced her very often to aſcribe indifferent actions to improper motives; and a ſingle word or volatility of diſpoſition, was enough to make her form the worſt ſuſpicions, which, as ſoon as ſhe had formed, ſhe

would run into company, and broach as if they were undoubted facts. She frequently even added circumſtances to them drawn from her imagination, only with a view of making them more likely. You may eaſily conceive what miſchiefs ſuch a conduct muſt produce. It was not long before one family was ſet againſt another in her neighbourhood. The diſcord afterwards affected individuals: wives and huſbands, brothers, maſters and domeſtics, were at everlaſting variance with each other. Mutual confidence was on a ſudden done away from thoſe whoſe company the little girl frequented with her mother. People went ſo far, at laſt, as to ſhut up their doors againſt her, as they would have done againſt a wretched creature tainted with the plague; but neither hatred nor humiliation could correct a vice which cuſtom had ſo deeply rivetted within her heart.

This glory was reſerved for Dorinda, her couſin, who was the only perſon now that would receive her viſits, and return them; as ſhe always lived in hopes of being able, in the end, to ſhew her the enormity of

her behaviour, and preſerve her life from ſorrow.

Miſs Aurelia went one day to ſee her couſin, and employed an hour or two in telling ſpiteful tales of all their common friends, though ſhe knew with what uneaſineſs her couſin heard them. It was all the ſame to her.

And now, dear Dorinda, ſaid Miſs Aurelia, having ſtopped for want of breath, your turn is come to tell me ſomething. You ſee company enough to have a ſtock of little anecdotes at all times ready on your hands.

My dear Aurelia, anſwered Dorinda, whenever I am viſiting my friends, I wiſh to taſte the pleaſure of their company; and am not ſuch an idiot, as to loſe it by remarking their defects. Beſides, I find within myſelf ſo many, that I cannot poſſibly have time to think of thoſe in others; having every need of their indulgence, I am wiſe enough to grant them mine. I rather chuſe to rivet my attention upon every commendable quality which they poſſeſs, and ſo endeavour to acquire it. One muſt be in a faultleſs ſtate one's ſelf,

before one can proceed to note the faults of others. I congratulate you on this faultleſs ſtate, which I, on the contrary, am ſo unhappy as to want. Continue, couſin, this employment of a charitable cenſor, who would lead mankind to virtue by expoſing the deformity of vice. You cannot fail of meriting the eſteem of others for ſuch generous cares.

Aurelia could not fail of being conſcious that ſhe was, long ere this, become a public object of averſion and diſguſt; and therefore felt the ſeverity of her couſin's ſarcaſm. She began, from that day forward, to reflect with real ſerioufneſs upon the danger of her indiſcretion. She even trembled at the recollection of thoſe miſchiefs that ſhe had cauſed, and now determined to prevent their progreſs. It was difficult in the beginning, to throw off a cuſtom which ſhe had long indulged, of beholding things on the unfavourable ſide; but what can withſtand a ſteady reſolution? In the end, ſhe was ſo totally reformed, that ſhe applied her penetration to ſuch objects only as deſerved applauſe; and the deteſtable enjoyments of malignity within her, were ſucceeded

ſucceeded by a purer ſatisfaction. She was now become the firſt to ſet equivocal or doubtful actions in ſuch points of view, that others might excuſe them. When ſhe could not put them in a favourable light, it is likely, ſhe would ſay, I do not know every circumſtance attending them: no doubt, there were commendable motives, ſuch as I am not acquainted with. In ſhort, whenever, as it ſometimes chanced, the caſe would not admit of any thing approaching to the nature of indolgence, ſhe would pity the offending perſon, and impute her fault to too great precipitation, or ignorance of the miſchief that ſhe was committing.

However, it was very long indeed, before ſhe could regain thoſe hearts, which her former manners had alienated. She was come, by this time, to the age when moſt young women think of being ſettled, but could ſee no proſpect of a huſband. People had avoided her with ſo much care for years, that now ſhe ſeemed as much forgotten, as if ſhe had withdrawn herſelf into a convent from the world.

No wonder then that ſhe ſhould ſuppoſe herſelf condemned to paſs her days in ſolitude, deprived of all thoſe pleaſures which accompany a happy marriage, and the enjoyment of a choſen ſet of friends: but fortune determined otherwiſe; for a gentleman, who came upon a viſit to her father, having heard her generouſly undertake to ſhield the reputation of an abſent perſon, whom ſome one in the company accuſed, was ſo delighted with a goodneſs like his own, as to conclude that ſhe was exactly of the turn of mind that would make him happy. He ſolicited her hand, and made her miſtreſs in return both of his heart and fortune.

Aurelia, more and more convinced of the pernicious conſequences of blazing other people's faults, and the delightful ſatisfac-faction which ſelf-eſteem, and the reſpect of worthy people cannot but beſtow;—of worthy people I repeat, who wink at the defects of human nature;—every day propoſes her example to his children, to preſerve them from the ruin ſhe had nearly ſuffered.

She

She has given me leave to write her ſtory in this book, for the inſtruction of my little friends; if there be any like her who may read it. I, for my part, know not whether there be any ſuch: but if there ſhould, I perſuade myſelf, that after the inſtruction of this ſtory, they will be the better.

THE PROVIDENT FATHER.

The Father.

THIS is the firſt time, Charles, that I have had the opportunity of being alone with you. (*Charles kiſſes his father, who in turn embraces him.*) What have you been doing ever ſince our ſeparation?

Charles. I have been inceſſantly tormented with a thouſand projects that have conſtantly deſtroyed each other. I have everlaſtingly been working hard, yet doing nothing, like a multitude of other young people of an ardent imagination, who as yet have no employ to take up their attention.

The Father. I am pleaſed to find you wiſh for employment, and a ſettled ſtate; but Charles, we ought to wait till ſuch time as the tree is come to its full ſtrength, if we would wiſh it ſhould bear fruit.

Charles. Do parts and wiſdom conſtantly accompany a certain age? Is it ſo very ſtrange to ſee a young man, not even in his twentieth year——

The Father. Have much more knowledge and intrinſic merit than old men, bent down beneath the weight of old age?—Agreed; but then it is very rare to ſee, at ſuch a tender age, that ſtrength of character which makes man active.

Charles. But there muſt ſurely be a time when a young man feels an irreſiſtible degree of ſtrength, that carries him along: a devouring fire conſumes us; and I, for my part, feel a ſtrength within me which I think equal to the labour of removing mountains.

The Father. And then you enter into a world where nothing of that ſort exiſts; where every ſtep that you take is limited; where you have conſtantly to combat envy, ſordid intereſt, caprice, brutal ſtupidity, and

and illiberal prejudice. Believe me, the moſt active virtue, and an upright heart, can never hope to prove ſucceſsful, if one has not therewithal an indefatigable conſtancy, and a penetration almoſt divine, to ſcrutinize deceit and villainy. And if theſe qualities are ſo rare, even in the wiſeſt men, how can we hope to find them in the reſtleſs unſettled minds of youth?—Do you know to what I compare this inward conſciouſneſs of your ſtrength? To a torch, that will indifferently carry you before children, women, and old men, but which the firſt breath of wind will infallibly put out. I would have the ſtrength of manhood to concentrate in the heart, as fire within the ſubſtance of a ſtone: in general inviſible, but when once it is ſtruck, the eye is ſure of ſeeing ſparks come forth. However, what I ſay is not to ſhew that I ought to let you paſs your time away unoccupied. At preſent, I am even ſo happy as to have procured you an employ.

Charles. An employ! O ſir, how much I thank you!

The Father. Be perſuaded, that the

greateſt joy which a father can poſſeſs, is to make his children happy.

Charles. I aſſure you, if ever induſtry, and what is more, a proper diſpoſition, are rewarded with ſucceſs, you ſhall not have to bluſh for my behaviour.

The Father. I rely, indeed, upon your zeal ſufficiently to be perſuaded, that at no time you will look on any occupation as unworthy of your care; for even the ſlighteſt inattention in you may draw after it the worſt conſequences.

Charles. I am ſenſible how much the honour of my king and country requires at my hands.

The Father. Such honour is a great affair, dear Charles, and ſhould entirely occupy a feeling and an upright heart: and that your ſentiments may always be adapted to each circumſtance, obſerve and ſtudy what we call the genius of the nation; do whatever you are able to diſcover both its ſtrength and weakneſs, and conſult inceſſantly thoſe moſt advanced in years, whoſe age has ripened their experience. Thus, Charles, you will never have to fear a miſemploy-

ment

ment of your knowledge, which is too frequently the fault of young men, even ſuch as have the beſt propenſities.

Charles. I have formed myſelf, I think, dear father, on the ſureſt principles.

The Father. Take care how you eſtabliſh novel ſyſtems; but attack all prejudice, and not that only, but injuſtice likewiſe. Be aſſiduous to eradicate them from the hearts of men. In general, never publiſh your deſigns before the proper time, and build not up your reputation on the ruins of a rival. Cenſure no one, but proceed in ſilence to the execution of your enterpriſes.

Charles. I have frequently remarked, that the deſire of imitating upon one hand, and of blaming on the other, are very common faults; and that enthuſiaſtic imitators and malignant critics, are quite indolent, while they announce themſelves to others with a deal of diſguſting pomp and buſtle.

The Father. I ſhould even like——But I am too verboſe. It is a father's heart that now lays itſelf open.

Charles. Oh! my father, can you poſſibly ſupply the ſon that loves you, and is ſo loved by you, with too many guides, con-

ſidering that he is really ſo inexperienced, and has ſuch a high career diſplayed before him? For your ſalutary counſels ſhall be always my directors.

The Father. Well, my child, then have a veneration and regard for truth; that is the baſe of every principle of action. Never labour to eſtabliſh even public welfare by improper meaſures; and if ever any one ſhould offer to perſuade you to it, on pretences of neceſſity, abandon him to his remorſe, and look upon him as an enemy, not openly perhaps, but ſo in ſecret, to his king and country.

Charles. How my heart is lightened of a burthen that oppreſſed it! and how earneſtly I mean to put in practice, for the welfare of my ſovereign, all the obſervations that I have made! With how much zeal and ardour I intend to raiſe my voice againſt abuſes!

The Father. Very well! But then think, think my ſon, that men in vain aſpire to reach perfection; and remember always, that the greateſt art, the greateſt effort of man's genius, is, amongſt many inconveniencies, to chuſe the leaſt.

Charles.

Charles. Aided by your counſel and experience, I ſhall ſoon arrive at ſome more elevated ſituation.

The Father. I ſhould rather chuſe that you would endeavour to become an uſeful man. To be continually going forward, and to quit one place, where we may frequently be neceſſary, with the view of filling up another, where we ſhall not prove of ſo much uſe, is to betray our country, and to cheapen and degrade our merit. To be great, is to be nothing more than what we ſhould be. And yet, after all, do not imagine that, proceeding in this manner, you will never meet with obſtacles. You will, it is very likely, fail at laſt, oppreſſed beneath the burthen of thoſe benefits that you have conferred, and be condemned to live unknown; and calumny will put upon your beſt intentions ſiniſter interpretations. Be not, however, upon this account diſcouraged, but purſue your plans with firmneſs; for a time will come when your aſſiſtance will be ſought. And ſhould even this your expectation, in itſelf ſo juſt, be diſappointed, in ſuch caſe, the conſciouſneſs of your integrity will be your recompence and conſolation.

JULIAN

JULIAN AND ROSINA.

ONCE upon a time a certain Mr. Lorimer was reading in a corner of his parlour, while his wife and daughter were employed, in ſilence, at their tambour frame; when, on a ſudden, their little Julian entered haſtily, quite out of breath, his eye brim-full of tears, his hair in great diſorder, and one ſtocking down upon his heel. He had a racket in his hand; and as he entered, he cried out, Come, mama, do pray, and ſee the mother of poor Chriſtopher and Frederic. Alas! they have not had a bit of any thing to eat all day. Frederic aſked me to play with him at ſhuttlecock, to make him forget, as he ſaid, that he was hungry; and they do not know how they ſhall get any thing before to-morrow evening, at the ſooneſt. I would fain have given them all the money in my purſe; but, would you think it? they refuſed it. I made anſwer, Come with me, and you ſhall ſee——No, no, ſaid they; we are already ſo obliged to your mama, and dare not go again to teaze her. Then too, their poor mother, hearing this,

this, burſt out a weeping.—But I muſt not cry, ſaid Julian, (crying ſtill more,) as my papa is reading. Ah! Roſina, had you ſeen them, you would certainly have cried as much as I! and ſtooping as he ſpoke, he laid hold of Roſina's apron by the corner, to wipe his eyes.

The mother, melted into tears at this recital, and the little boy's behaviour thereupon, dropped her needle; and the father, to conceal a tear, held up his book before him.

Come, dear children, then, ſaid Mrs. Lorimer, embracing Julian and Roſina with affection, come and let us ſee if we can help theſe three unhappy people.

While Frederic, Chriſtopher, and the afflicted mother, knelt before their benefactreſs, Roſina pulled her brother by the coat, and in a whiſper aſked him if he recollected that nice little cake which their uncle gave them in the morning? Yes, ſaid Julian, and turned round as if he meant to run and fetch it. Keep mama in converſation here, and make believe as if you did not know that I was gone; for I will run and fetch it. No, no, ſaid Roſina, there is

no

no need of that; for look, it is here.—On which the little lady, lifting up poor Frederic's hat, that lay accidentally on the table, ſhewed her brother the nice little cake, which ſhe had watched the opportunity of ſlipping underneath it.

THE SEPARATION.

The Father and his Son in Law, (entering at oppoſite doors.)

Son in Law. HAVE you conſidered my propoſals?

Father in Law. No; for there is nothing to conſider. When a couple who have ſworn everlaſting love to one another in the church, and whom a child, the fruit of their reciprocal affection, would compel, as one might think, to the obſervance of their vows, proceed ſo far as to a ſeparation, what is left then to conſider? What can one do?

Son in Law. However, I am ſo determined in my reſolution, that it reſts upon

ſome few formalities, and nothing more, to be complete.

Father in Law, (*ringing.*) Well, be it ſo. (*A ſervant enters.*) Tell my daughter ſhe is wanted. (*The ſervant is withdrawing, but the father calls him back, and whiſpers ſomething to him.*)

Son in Law. Do you approve of the allowance that I deſign to make her?

Father in Law. That ſhall be as you yourſelf think fit. I take my daughter home, and hope that ſhe will never want.

Son in Law. However, it is proper that we ſhould come to ſome agreement.

Father in Law. Very well: do you adjuſt that matter as you pleaſe.

Son in Law, (*taking up a pen.*) It will be done almoſt as ſoon as ſaid. (*He ſits down to write.*)

(*Sophia enters.*)

Father in Law. You gueſs, no doubt, why I have ſent for you?

Sophia. Yes; and as things have been carried thus far, I have expected the arrival of this moment with a deal of pleaſure.

Father

Father in Law. You reſolve, then, to occaſion me this grief.

Sophia. I cannot poſſibly conſent to live any longer with him.

Son in Law, (*getting up, and putting a paper into his father's hand.*) This is my agreement.

Father in Law. By this, then, you renounce each other mutually; you, ſir, agreeing to pay this lady four hundred pounds a year. Is this agreed on both ſides?

Sophia. Upon mine it is?

Son in Law. No doubt.

Father in Law. It is uſeleſs for me to remonſtrate any longer.

Sophia. Indeed, ſir, it is unneceſſary.

Son in Law. My reſolution is fixed.

Father in Law. Then, whatever I might wiſh, I am neceſſitated to conſent. Go, ſign this paper. (*They ſign.*) So,—all is ſettled. There is, notwithſtanding, one great difficulty yet. With which of you, pray, is the child to be?

Sophia. I am his mother.

Son in Law, (*ſpeaking at the ſame moment.*) I, his father.

Father.

Father in Law. True, your rights, on either ſide, are equal; therefore——

Sophia. I will loſe my life, much rather than my child.

Son in Law. The child is mine, and I will never give him up.

Father in Law. Conſider this, dear children! for this circumſtance ſhould teach, nay force you to renounce your cruel purpoſe. Hearts that are engroſſed by one and the ſame child, as yours are, cannot ſure be enemies to one another; and it is only a miſunderſtanding that ſubſiſts between you. (*He takes the paper.*) Shall I tear it?

Son in Law. If you do——

Sophia. By no means, father.

Father in Law. However, it is neceſſary that you ſhould come to ſomething of a reſolution on this head. Do you conſent that Charles ſhall ſtay with which of you he pleaſes?

Sophia. Yes, with all my heart.

Son in Law. And mine too.

(*The Father in Law goes out.*)

Son in Law. For my part, it will give me pleaſure if I hear you are happy, as I part without the leaſt reſentment in my heart.

Sophia.

Sophia. And I too wiſh that you may hereafter be as happy as you have been hitherto, though I am ſure you will not. (*The father in law returns with the child: the mother claſps him in her arms, and ſays*) Won't you ſtay with me, my dear?

The Child. Oh! yes, mama.

Son in Law, (*embracing him.*) You wiſh to leave me, then, my precious little fellow?

The Child. No, no, papa, I will ſtay with you too.

Father in Law. But, my dear, your papa and mama deſign to part for ever; and you muſt abſolutely tell them which you wiſh to live with.

Sophia. You will live with me, my ſweeteſt! won't you? Speak.

Son in Law. With me, my child?

The Child. With both of you. (*They turn away: the father has his eyes fixed on them during ſome ſhort pauſe.*) But why do you both turn away? Why look ſo melancholy? You were uſed to be merry in each other's company. (*He pulls them towards each other.*) You ſhall not go! I will live with you both at once. (*The ſon in law and mother ſtooping both at once to embrace their child, meet one*

another,

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another, and looking at each other, affectionately embrace.)

Father in Law. I thank thee, Nature! Thou haſt not forſaken me.

Son in Law. Will you forget the paſt?

Sophia. Yes, every thing. (*They embrace again with tranſport.*)

Father in Law, (*holding out the child, that they may both careſs him.*) Are you determined now to part?

Sophia. No, father; never.

The Son in Law. This tender tie ſhall reunite us now for ever. I will love you for the time to come, and we will both be happy.

Father in Law, (*wiping his eyes.*) I weep; but it is for joy at ſuch a reconcilement.

THE LITTLE PRATER.

LEONORA was endued with ſpirit and vivacity. When ſcarcely ſix years old, ſhe was exceedingly well practiſed in the art of

of managing her needle, and could very cleverly employ her ſciſſars. All the garters that her papa and brothers wore were of her making. She could read with eaſe in any book that ſhe happened to take up; her writing was alſo extremely neat and fair. She did not huddle great and little letters in one word together, neither did they lean ſome this and others that way; and her lines went ſtrait along, not dancing up and down from one ſide of her paper to the other, as I have too often ſeen in many children's writing-books, even older by a year or two than Leonora.

Her papa too, and mama, were no leſs ſatisfied with her obedience, than her maſters with her diligence and ſtudy. She kept up a perfect union with her ſiſters, treated every ſervant with the greateſt affability, and her companions with regard and condeſcenſion. All her parents' friends, and every ſtranger that came there a viſiting, were equally enchanted with her company and converſation.

Who would think, that with ſo many recommendatory qualities, and ſo much underſtanding, any little girl could poſſibly be ſo unfortunate that none, when they grew

acquainted

acquainted at the houſe, could bear her? Such was Leonora, notwithſtanding; for a ſingle fault which ſhe had unhappily contracted, was ſo great as to deſtroy the effect of all her juvenile accompliſhments. The intemperance of her tongue made every one forget the graces of her underſtanding, and the goodneſs of her heart. In ſhort, our Leonora was the greateſt prater living.

When, for inſtance, ſhe was ſitting down to work, one might have heard her ſay, Oho! I fancy, it is high time that I ſhould be doing ſomething! What would my mama ſay, ſhould ſhe find me ſitting with my arms acroſs, lolling on my elbows?—O my ſtars! how much I have got to hem here? all this apron! But at worſt, I never let the graſs grow under me when I ſet out, and I ſhall ſoon have done. Ah! there the clock ſtrikes: One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine—Yes, poſitively nine o'clock! Well then, I have but two poor hours before I go to muſic; yet a deal of buſineſs may be done in ſuch a length of time. Mama, when ſhe obſerves how diligent I have been, will be ſure

ſure to give me ſweetmeats.—Oh! what pleaſure I ſhall have in looking at them! Nothing do I love like nice criſped almonds. Not that I do not like egg plumbs preſerved: they are very good too, for papa popped one into my mouth laſt Thurſday, and then gave me a whole bag full; but I think criſped almonds better.—I ſhould like to ſee Miſs Dolly this morning: I would ſhew her the fine petticoat that mama has bought me. Dolly is a funny little girl enough! I like her vaſtly. Oh! but ſhe loves talking, and I do not know how it happens, but one cannot thruſt a word in when her clapper is ſet a going. Where has my thimble hid itſelf? Siſter, have you ſeen my thimble? Patty muſt have ſurely loſt it for me, when ſhe came to ſweep the parlour.—It is ſo like her! ſhe is always ſuch a hare-brained creature! Who can work without a thimble? at leaſt I never take a ſtitch, if I miſlay it; for the needle pricks one's finger, and one's finger bleeds of courſe; and then, beſides the pain it gives one, how one's work looks when it is ſpotted with red marks! Why, Patty! Patty! where can you be! Have you ſeen my thimble?

Oh,

Oh, no! here it is; and, juſt as if the matter were contrived on purpoſe, at the bottom of my work-bag.

Thus the little creature would be always dinning people's ears who happened to be near her. When her parents were engaged in any intereſting converſation with each other, ſhe would come and mix in their diſcourſe, by prating upon twenty different ſubjects. And at dinner, ſhe had hardly ever ended with her meat, before the pie or pudding was on the table. She would really forget to eat and drink, while everlaſtingly employed in prating.

Her papa would frequently reprove her twenty times a day for this defect; but all reproof was loſt upon her, neither would the greateſt puniſhment produce a reformation in her conduct. As it was not poſſible for any one to hear himſelf when ſhe was by, Miſs Chatterbox was often ſent to paſs the morning all alone in her apartment. During dinner, they would put her at a little table by herſelf, as diſtant from the company as they could place her. Leonora ſeemed afflicted at this ſeparation, but was not a whit the more ſilent on that account. She

had always ſome ſubject of diſcourſe, were it even addreſſed only to herſelf, and, nevertheleſs, ſhe talked ſo loud every word that ſhe ſaid was heard; for, it was the ſame to her if any body was or was not by her: and I verily believe, that, rather than be mute, ſhe would have entered into converſation with her knife and fork.

From ſuch a fooliſh habit, what advantage did ſhe obtain? The ſtory tells us, only puniſhment and hatred. If you ſhould not be convinced of this by what I have already mentioned, you will certainly be ſo when you read what follows:

Once upon a time, her parents were invited to go down into the country for a week or fortnight, by a friend. It was in autumn, the weather was extremely fine, and it is not eaſy to conceive what great abundance there was then of every kind of fruit, pears, apples, nectarines and peaches.

Leonora thought it was deſigned to make her of the party, but ſtood very much ſurpriſed when her papa, directing both her ſiſters to get ready for the journey, told her that ſhe muſt ſtay at home. She fell a crying, ran to her mama, and ſaid, My dear mama,

mama, what fault have I committed, that papa ſhould be ſo angry with me?—Your papa, ſhe anſwered, is not angry with you; but believe me it is impoſſible for any one to bear your conſtant chatter. You would certainly interrupt our pleaſure, and the pleaſure of the family that we are now going to viſit; and therefore for the future, whenever we go abroad, we muſt always leave you behind us.

Muſt I never ſpeak, then? anſwered Leonora.

That, ſaid her mama, would be no leſs a fault than what we wiſh to ſee you cured of. You are not to be entirely mute; but then you ought to wait 'till you perceive that your turn for ſpeaking is come round, and not inceſſantly prevent your parents, and as many as have more experience than yourſelf, from talking. You ſhould alſo take care how you ſay whatever comes into your head. When you deſire to be informed of any thing which is not improper, you ſhould know, you ought to aſk in as few words as poſſible, and having any thing to tell, you ſhould, in that caſe, firſt of all reflect within

yourſelf, if thoſe about you would or would not like to hear it.

Leonora, though ſhe could not reaſonably call in queſtion this advice, would not have wanted words to juſtify her prating, if ſhe had not heard that moment her papa call out that every thing was ready; and, in fact, the coach ſet off that very inſtant.

Leonora fell a ſighing, and with tears purſued the carriage 'till her eye no longer could diſcern it. When it was wholly out of ſight, ſhe went into a corner, and began to weep moſt bitterly. Ah, babbling goſſip! ſaid ſhe, (*now ſpeaking to herſelf,*) it is all owing to my long tongue that I have been thus puniſhed. I will take care, that for the future it ſhall never ſpeak a word more than it ought.

Some few days afterwards they returned. Leonora's ſiſters brought home with them baſkets full of pears and apples. They were both exceedingly well tempered; therefore Leonora would on no account have gone without her ſhare, but then the tears that ſhe had been ſhedding ſo completely took away her appetite, that it is not to be wondered if ſhe did not wiſh for any.

She that moment ran to her papa, imploring pardon for her fault in having forced him, (as ſhe knew,) much againſt his will, to puniſh her. We have been both unhappy, added ſhe; but for the future I ſhall take care, and never ſpeak too much.

Her father tenderly embraced and kiſſed her.

On the morrow, Leonora was permitted to ſit down and take her dinner with the reſt. She ſpoke very little, but whatever ſhe did ſay was full of grace and modeſty. It is true, it coſt her very much to check her tongue, which, through impatience and the itch of talking, rolled, if I may ſay ſo, this and that way in her mouth; but on the following day, this work of checking her propenſity towards talking was leſs painful, and the next day ſtill leſs ſo. At length the difficulty, by a gradual diminution, was completely done away. At preſent ſhe has totally got rid of her bad habit, and ſhe figures in ſociety with credit to herſelf, and pleaſure to her friends, who are no longer vexed with what they were accuſtomed to entitle, in deriſion, her *inceſſant clack*.

THE MOUNTAIN LUTE.

FROM the higheſt ſummit of thoſe hills which overlook the vale of Lucca in Savoy, I was contemplating the extended landſcape round about me: I was quite alone, my faithful ſervant being left in a neighbouring city, with orders not to expect me till at the end of three days; which interval I meant to ſpend in rambling over that romantic country. More than half way down the hill, I ſaw a hamlet, which aſſured me of a lodging for the night. Thus free from all inquietude, and ſwallowed up in thought, I allowed my mind to roam at large in contemplation, and my eye to wander from one object to another of the ſpacious view. But ſoon the ſylvan choriſters' laſt ſong admoniſhed me to think of retiring under cover for the night. The ſun, already hid behind the oppoſite mountain, did but colour with his gold and purple rays the clouds which floated, as it were, juſt cloſe above the trees that crown its ſummit. I deſcended ſlowly, mortified

to

to ſee the ſpacious horizon, whoſe limits I could hardly trace, contract itſelf as I proceeded. The twilight now began to veil it with a ſhade, which by degrees grew browner, till the empreſs of the night diſpelled this gloomy darkneſs with her ſilver beams. I ſat down for a moment, to enjoy the picture. Nothing intercepted my view, throughout the vaſt expanſe. I contemplated the infinite extent at leiſure. From the trembling moon and ſtars which twinkled while I gazed upon them, I paſſed over to the calm and ſpotleſs azure of the firmament. The air was freſh, nor did the ſlighteſt breeze diſturb it. Nature was abſorbed in univerſal ſilence, ſaving the low murmur of a ſtream which meandered through the country at a diſtance. Stretched upon the graſs, I might perhaps have contemplated till the riſing of the ſun next morning: but the muſic of a lute, made more harmonious by a voice, ſoon after ſtruck upon my ear. I thought at firſt that my raviſhed ſenſes were deluded by the power of my imagination, and experienced the delight of fancying myſelf ſuddenly tranſported in a dream to what are called

the regions of enchantment. In the midſt of this illuſion, while both muſics ſtill continued, A lute! ſaid I riſing, a lute upon the mountain! I turned round to that ſide whence the melody proceeded, and diſcovered through the darkſome verdure of the trees, no great way diſtant, the white walls and garden paling of a cottage. I approached it with a beating heart; but what was my ſurpriſe, when I beheld a youthful peaſant with a lute, on which he was playing with exquiſite addreſs. A woman, ſeated on his right hand, was looking at him with an eye of the tendereſt affection. At their feet, upon the turf, were many children, boys and girls, and ancient people, all in attitudes of pleaſure and attention. When I firſt made my appearance, ſeveral of the children came to meet me, looked at one another, and then ſaid among themſelves, What gentleman is this? The young muſician turned his head, but did not leave off playing. I could not poſſibly withſtand the firſt emotions of my heart. I held him out my hand; he gave me his, which I laid hold of with a ſort of tranſport. Every body upon this roſe and made a circle round

us.

us. I informed them, as conciſely as I could do, of my buſineſs in that quarter of the country, and at ſuch a time of night. We have not an inn, for many miles round, remarked the youthful peaſant, as our hamlet is not near the road; but if you are content to lie in a poor cabin, we will do our beſt to entertain you.

If at firſt I was aſtoniſhed at his execution on the lute, and taſte in ſinging, I was ſtill much more ſurpriſed at the politeneſs of his manners, the preciſion of his language, and the eaſe with which he ſpoke. You were not born, ſaid I to him, in a cabin? Pardon me, replied he with a ſmile; I *was*, and even in this. But you are fatigued, I ſuppoſe; George, bring a chair. Excuſe me, ſir; I owe my neighbours this nocturnal entertainment which I am now giving them.

I would not take the chair, but laid myſelf upon the graſs, as all the reſt did. Every body had, by this time, reſumed his former poſture; and the ſilence which I had interrupted by appearing as I did among them, now took place again. The youth began immediately to play upon his lute;

and in the intervals of playing, ſung a favourite ballad, which he did with ſo much ſweetneſs, that a tear, as I could ſee, ſtood trembling in the eye of every one about him, by the time that he had repeated the firſt couplet. I could not refrain from envying the ſurprizing genius of this ruſtic bard, whoever he might be, that could impreſs ſo powerfully an unlettered, and almoſt an uncivilized ſociety of people. I was charmed in ſeeing how ſurpriſingly thoſe beauties that are drawn from nature, pleaſe the ſouls of all men. Of the poet's touches, none were loſt; and at the laſt, which was the moſt affecting, I heard round about me, nothing but ſighs, and half ſtifled ſobs.

After ſome few minutes ſilence, the whole company roſe, each wiping, as I could ſee, his eyes. They wiſhed each other a good night with perfect cordiality. The neighbours, with their children, went away, and none were left, except an ancient man upon a ſeat beſide the door, and whom till now I had not noticed; the muſician, with the woman ſitting by him; George, the young boy whoſe name I heard before; and myſelf.

It

It was painful for me to give up the charming ſtate in which at that time I was plunged. I ſtill continued ſitting, but got up at laſt, and drawing near the young muſician, put my arms out, as it were by inſtinct, to embrace him. Sweet it is, ſaid I, to meet with people who ſurpriſe us at the firſt ſlight glance, and finiſh by attracting our eſteem, before a quarter of an hour is paſſed. He anſwered me no other way than by an ardent graſp of my hand, while I was ſpeaking. Dear ſir, began the old man upon this, you are pleaſed, I perceive, with our evening's entertainment? I am glad you have conceived ſo ſuddenly a friendſhip for my dear Valentine, for which you ſhall repoſe you in my bed. No, father, interrupted George, who came running from the barn, I have been littering me ſome ſtraw; and the gentleman ſhall lie in *my* bed, if he pleaſes. I was forced to promiſe that I would yield to this laſt offer. George, upon this, held out his hand; the old man reſted on his ſhoulder, and went in, after wiſhing me a good night: and now I found myſelf alone with Valentine, and the young woman, who, he told me, was his ſpouſe. I aſked

them, if, for my ſake, they would not paſs fifteen minutes more, in converſation with me, where they then were, as it was moonlight? Willingly, ſaid Louiſa, who was not a little vain of the attention that I had paid her huſband. Yes, quite willingly, replied Valentine, who ſaw how much his wife deſired it.

I ſat down between them, with a lime tree behind me; through whoſe foliage the moon darted all her brightneſs.

My dear friends, ſaid I, taking the woman by the hand, pray let me know how long you have enjoyed your preſent happineſs? Theſe ſix months, anſwered ſhe; and now it is upwards of a twelvemonth that Valentine is happily returned among us from his travels. You have travelled then? ſaid I, with ſome ſurpriſe, excited by this intimation. Yes, ſir, anſwered Valentine: I have viſited a part of Europe.—Every thing that I ſee about you, interrupted I, and every thing that I hear you ſay, excites a deal of wonder in me! if you have no ſecret motive for concealing the tranſactions of your life, do not refuſe me, I beſeech you, the pleaſure of hearing them. Certainly you will not,

anſwered

anſwered Louiſa, with great ſimplicity. The gentleman ſeems a very civil kind of a perſon. Beſides, I take much pleaſure myſelf in liſtening to them.

He conſented, with a ſmile, to our requeſt, and the following narrative is delivered in his own words, as far as my remembrance has preſerved them.

As I have mentioned, I was born, ſir, in this cottage, towards the end of the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixty-four; being, at preſent, three-and-twenty years of age. I had the misfortune to loſe my mother, when an infant, being hardly weaned. My father was in eaſy, though not in affluent circumſtances, but a law-ſuit into which he was forced, by one who is at preſent no more, but was then a very wealthy farmer, ruined him entirely; and he died of grief, when he was torn from his paternal cottage, and beheld it ſold for the advantage of the lawyers. The old man whom you ſaw juſt now, and who is become my father, bought and came to ſettle in it. He was ſtruck with pity, ſeeing me an orphan at my early time of life, and, though I was ſo little, told me that I ſhould be

be his ſhepherd. I was treated very kindly by him; and his children looked upon me as their brother. Notwithſtanding which, the loſs of my poor father, the unkindneſs of my other kindred who forſook me, with the thought of being nothing but a ſtranger in the cottage where I firſt had my exiſtence, and the lonely life that I led upon the mountain, all united to afflict me, and my accuſtomed gaiety was changed to melancholy. I conſumed whole days in weeping, while my flocks were grazing round me on the plain.

(Here Louiſa withdrew her hand, which I held in mine, to wipe away a falling tear, and then returned it me.)

One evening I was ſitting on the ſummit of the mountain, and amuſing my afflicted thoughts by ſinging, to myſelf, the very ballad that you have juſt now heard. Towards the concluſion, I obſerved a man among the trees. I noticed that he was dreſſed in brown: his countenance was very pale; he ſeemed quite melancholy; and he waited till my ſong was finiſhed. He then came cloſe to me, and enquired how far he might be from the public road? Oh very far,

far, dear ſir, ſaid I; above five miles. Can you conduct me thither? I would do ſo gladly, but that I cannot quit my flock—perhaps your parents may accommodate me with a lodging for the night?—Ah, ſir! my parents are a great way off.—Where, then?—They lived like honeſt people upon earth, and they are happy now in heaven.

The tone of my voice, as he informed me afterwards, affected this good man, and my reply, he ſaid, could not but touch him. He put ſeveral queſtions to me, and my anſwers pleaſed him. Night by this time being come, I brought him to our cottage; and my maſter entertained him hoſpitably. On the morrow, they had ſome diſcourſe together with regard to me, and when I was prepared to reaſſume my daily charge, they told me that George would take it in future, as the ſtranger meant to have me with him. It would be uſeleſs were I to tell you what was my affliction at the thought of quitting this dear cottage, though not mine, and parting from my Louiſa, whom I loved even then, though ſhe was quite a child. My ſituation was not any way a happy one; and yet I could not quit it without ſhedding tears.

tears. I could not poſſibly foreſee that my future deſtination was to be decided by the preſent moment. Yes, to thee beneficent protector of my youth, I am a debtor for my preſent happineſs! Thou knoweſt, generous man, how ardently I prayed to God for thy proſperity while thou wert living, and with what exhauſtleſs gratitude I bleſs even ſtill thy aſhes! He was called *Lafant*, and had the place of organiſt in a ſmall pariſh. You would judge imperfectly of his abilities, if you adverted to the nature and obſcurity of his employment. Many travellers turned out of their road to hear his muſic; but their praiſes only made him the more modeſt. I much doubt, if in the courſe of your acquaintance, you have ever met with ſuch a genius. He received from the affection of his father, who, when living, was a very great phyſician, ſuch an education as would certainly have made *him* eminent as a phyſician likewiſe; but he rather choſe to yield himſelf entirely to the ardent paſſion that he had long before conceived for muſic. He had married the daughter of the organiſt, whom he ſucceeded, but was childleſs. His dear wife, whom he had

loſt

loſt for ſeveral years, ſtill lived within his heart. Her image, and his books, were now his only ſociety in that deep melancholy which had ſeized upon his mind; but ſtill while he avoided men, he did not hate them. On the contrary, he did much good in ſecret. He was forty years of age when I came to him. He inſtructed me at firſt to read and write, and afterwards took pleaſure in the cultivation of my voice, and teaching me to play the lute, which was his favourite inſtrument. He did not ſtop at muſical inſtruction, he provided me ſelections from the works of our greateſt poets. He formed at once my heart, my underſtanding, and my taſte. Thus he acted, for five years, the part of an aſſiduous maſter, without any expectation of reward for all his pains and labour, but from him, who beſt knows how to recompence the ſervices that we do to our fellow-creatures.

In the midſt of all theſe occupations, I had never baniſhed from my mind the recollection of my cottage, or the countenance of Louiſa, the partner of my childiſh paſtimes. I was often ſpeaking of them to my patron, and accordingly one day—I never

ſhall

ſhall forget it, the firſt of June, four years ago—he roſe betimes, and going, as his cuſtom was, to a morning's walk, bade me follow him. We talked of many matters while we went along, as chance preſented ſubjects for our converſation; till at laſt he brought me to the very mountain where I ſaw him at firſt. Dear Valentine, ſaid he, I have fulfilled the duty which Providence, I thought, impoſed upon me, when firſt I ſaw you. I am ſenſible how much you ſigh when you reflect upon the habitation whence I took you; and have had no other view in undertaking to protect and educate you, than at laſt to put you in a way of getting poſſeſſion of it once again. I now ſhew it you; look at it: but take notice, I forbid, on pain of my diſpleaſure, your returning thither, till ſuch time as you have wherewithal to purchaſe it. I give you my own lute: I have inſtructed you to play upon it. Travel: you are not without a charming voice. Wherever you are heard, having no other pretenſions than to the name of an itinerant muſician, you will be the firſt of artiſts in your way. The novelty of the thing will never fail to bring you auditors

and

and money: only be diſcreet and frugal; and when rich enough, return into your own country, and buy out your father's cottage.

My heart beat high at this diſcourſe, and grew enlarged with hope and joy. He held me to his boſom, ſhedding tears. They were the firſt that I ever yet had ſeen fall from him, and they made a ſingular impreſſion on me. After this, we thought of coming back, and he conducted me in ſilence to his houſe.

Upon the morrow, at the break of day, I was to leave my benefactor: he beſtowed on me, at parting, the inſtruction which he imagined I moſt needed, together with two louis d'ors. In four years time I travelled on foot through Italy, all France, and Germany, equipped like what I was, a peaſant of the mountains, with my hair as you may ſee at preſent, floating in large curls upon my ſhoulders. I took notice that the ſingularity of ſuch a dreſs increaſed the effect proceeding from my muſic, and particularly in the capitals. Few noblemen, I ſuppoſe, ever travelled more agreeably than I did. Every where I found a good reception, and not only from the middling ſort

of

of people, but the moſt polite. The quality in cities made up concerts, for no other purpoſe than to hear me; and in villages, I verily believe, they married for the mirth of dancing to the muſic of my inſtrument. In many places I had advantageous offers made me to take up my reſidence among them. They ſeduced me ſometimes, I acknowledge, for an inſtant; but as ſoon as I reflected again on my cottage, every thought of fortune vaniſhed; nor of all my projects left one trace remaining. I remember ſtill what ſweet ſenſations ſeized me every time when I went over a mountain in the courſe of my travels, or even came in ſight thereof. I ſought this hamlet on it, and imagined for a moment that I could ſee my cottage. With my mind continually full of ſuch an idea, I endeavoured to expreſs my notions, and theſe ſtanzas were my compoſition.

Sweet little cottage of my ſire,
Where once a child I play'd;
To thee my longing ſighs aſpire,
From diſtant realms convey'd.

Each

Each object lives within my mind,
Which there the eye runs o'er;
The hamlet and the hill behind,
The linden tree before.

Vaſt palaces, and domes renown'd,
I with indiff'rence ſee;
My utmoſt wiſhes would be crown'd,
Sweet rural cot, in thee.

When thy dear name I've heard or read,
Whence ſprung my joy,—unleſs
That Heav'n beneath thy peaceful ſhed
Hath fixt my happineſs?

My wand'rings o'er, I'd ſmile at care
In thee, ſweet rural cot!
Louiſa too, I truſt, would ſhare
My calm and humble lot.

Then come my Lute, thy happieſt ſtrain
With willing ſtrings purſue;
My bliſs, if ev'ry wiſh I gain,
To thee, ſweet Lute, is due.

Valentine ſung theſe ſtanzas with ſuch ſweetneſs and expreſſion, as revived in my mind the fabulous ideas of Apollo; and methought I heard that exiled deity on earth,

earth, and in the vales of Theſſaly, pouring forth his wiſhes to return to Olympus. I deſired to ſpeak, to cry out; but found my tongue without motion. Valentine could not but conceive the meaning of my ſilence, and went on as follows:

I am now about to tell you by what means I came again into poſſeſſion of this precious cottage.

Towards December laſt, when I had taken up my dwelling for a ſeaſon at Turin, and had been twice from one extremity of Italy to the other, I examined the ſtate of my purſe, and conceived myſelf then rich enough to pay a viſit to my native mountain. I immediately ſet out, and after ſeveral forced journeys, came in ten days time to the city where my benefactor had reſided. With what anxious expectation did I enter it! and as I went along, aſk every one that I met, what tidings he could give me of him? But, alas! I was not to enjoy the pleaſure of expreſſing what I owed him; nor to behold him, happy in the conſequences of the friendſhip that he had ſhewn me. He had been dead two months. I went to pour out my tears on his tomb, and

made a vow to heaven that I would call my firſt child by his name, if I ever ſhould be ſo happy as to prove a father. On the evening of that day I gained this hamlet. Every one, I found, ſpoke favourably of me, without knowing at firſt who I was. My lute, and the remembrance of our friendſhip, ſoon obtained me Louiſa's affection. I received her from her father. I bought back, with his conſent, the cottage, and the field belonging to it, for two hundred crowns, with which his eldeſt ſon procured a farm below us, in the village, and has been now ſome time ſettled in it. With reſpect to himſelf, he acquieſced to paſs the remnant of his days, with George his youngeſt ſon, in our cottage. It is from him that I learn the art of huſbandry; for now that I am once more in poſſeſſion of my little patrimony, the amount of my ambition is to be, as was my father, a good huſband, a kind parent, and a virtuous peaſant. I have not, as you may ſee, forgot my lute, the precious inſtrument which made my fortune; but ſtill keep it at my ſide, and often take it up for my own recreation,

ation, or to pleaſe my family and neighbours.

He ſtopped ſhort at this; but ſtill, I thought, I heard him ſpeaking. My attention, captivated by his narrative, was turned inſenſibly upon his perſon, after he had finiſhed. His ingenuous animated countenance, the contraſt of his dreſs and converſation, his attachment to a ruſtic habitation, and the gratitude with which he cheriſhed the remembrance of his benefactor; his uncommon fortune, travels, and profeſſion; every thing, I thought, exhibited the youth, in ſome ſort, as a being of enchantment, and ſuperior to the ordinary race of men. Louiſa firſt rouſed me from my contemplation, by her motion in the act of leaning forward to embrace him. I complimented them on their happineſs, and they returned my civility with the moſt ingenuous expreſſions of friendſhip. We went into the cottage, where I was charmed to behold ſuch an appearance of order and cleanlineſs about me. After having made a plentiful, but light repaſt, upon ſuch fruits as I was told the mountain yielded, George led me to a cloſet which was rather narrow, but the bed

that

that filled it was both clean and wholeſome. Of this bed, the little fellow told me, he diſpoſed with pleaſure in my favour. It was not long before I fell into a ſound ſleep, during which my thoughts were occupied upon the grand objects that I had been contemplating in the evening, and the agreeable ſenſations which had ſo recently impreſſed me. I did not, all the following day, once quit this happy family, when they were either buſy at work or unemployed.

Valentine related to me many entertaining matters that occurred to him in travelling, and explained how he acquired that eaſineſs of manners and politeneſs of expreſſion that had charmed me at firſt, and which afterwards, as I diſcovered, notwithſtanding his great youth, conciliated the reſpect and love of every aged individual through the hamlet. The acuteneſs of his underſtanding, the unſtudied openneſs of Louiſa, the old man's blunt good ſenſe, the reſtleſs curioſity of George, made their converſation intereſting, and diffuſed an undeſcribable variety through every part thereof, which both charmed me, and connected them much cloſer to each other. I think,

I could have paſſed my life away quite happy with them. But why, ſaid I to myſelf, why brood on ſuch a contemplation? I was to leave them that very night. I confeſs, I felt a pang of ſadneſs to reflect upon our ſeparation, and imagined, by their looks, that it would occaſion them ſome ſorrow likewiſe. If my fortune ſhould in future permit me to diſpoſe of the remainder of my life with more liberty, I then intended, and do ſtill, to make a yearly viſit to this mountain, for the purpoſe of ſeeing my friends again, and filling my whole heart with thoſe ſenſations of contentedneſs and peace which their ſociety and habitation cannot but inſpire.

INTERESTED KINDNESS.

Matthias, Simon.

Matthias. GOOD morning, neighbour Simon! I have half a dozen miles to go, and ſhould be glad if you would lend me Ball.

Simon.

Simon. I ſhould be quite rejoiced, friend Matthias, to oblige you; but I muſt ſet off myſelf immediately to fetch three ſacks of meal home from the mill. My wife wants ſome this very morning.

Matthias. Then ſhe muſt want it ſtill; for the mill, I can inform you, does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell Tom Groves that the water was too low.

Simon. You don't ſay ſo? That is quite unlucky; for in ſuch caſe I muſt gallop up to London for the meal. My wife would make a fine noiſe, ſhould I neglect it.

Matthias. I can ſpare you the journey. I have ſeveral ſacks of meal at home, of which I will lend your wife as much as ſhe can want.

Simon. Ah! maſter Matthias, I am ſure your meal will never ſuit my wife. You cannot conceive how whimſical ſhe is!

Matthias. If ſhe were ten times more ſo, I am certain ſhe will like it, as you ſold it me yourſelf; the beſt, you aſſured me, that ever you had.

Simon. Yes, yes, that is true indeed; I always have the beſt of every thing. You know, my good friend Matthias, no one is

more ready to oblige than I am, but the mare refuſed this morning to eat ſtraw; and truly I am afraid ſhe would not be able to carry you.

Matthias. Oh, never fear! ſhe ſhall not want for oats on the road.

Simon. Oats, neighbour! Oats are very dear!

Matthias. They are ſo; but no matter. Having a good job in view, one never ſtands for trifles.

Simon. It will certainly be foggy, and the road is pretty ſlippery. If you ſhould fall and break your neck——

Matthias. What fear is there of that? The mare is certainly ſure-footed; and beſides, you talked yourſelf of galloping to London.

Simon. Well then, to ſpeak the truth, my ſaddle is all in pieces, and I have ſent my bridle likewiſe to be mended.

Matthias. Luckily, I have both a bridle and a ſaddle hanging up at home.

Simon. Ah, like enough! But I am ſure, your ſaddle will not fit my mare.

Matthias. Why, then, I will borrow Goodman Clodpole's.

Simon.

Simon. Clodpole's! His will no more fit than yours does.

Matthias. At the worſt then, there is our 'ſquire. His ſtable-boy is a friend of mine, and he can lend me one to fit her, or the deuce is in it, out of twenty that his maſter has, at the leaſt.

Simon. You know, friend Matthias, no one is more willing to oblige his neighbours than myſelf. Believe me, you ſhould have the beaſt with all my heart, but ſhe has not been curried, I believe, theſe three weeks paſt. Her mane is quite out of order; and if any one ſhould ſee her in this trim, ſhe would not fetch two guineas, ſhould I wiſh to ſell her, as perhaps I may.

Matthias. Oh! a horſe is very quickly curried; and my plow-boy ſhall diſpatch her in a quarter of an hour.

Simon. Yes, very likely; but I have thought a little, and now I recollect, the creature muſt be ſhod.

Matthias. Well, is not there a ſmith here, hard by?

Simon. Oh, yes! ſuch a bungler for my mare! I would not truſt him with an aſs;

and none but Spavin, the king's farrier in the Mews, at London, will ſuit me.

Matthias. As luck will have it, when I get to London, I ſhall go quite near the Mews.

Simon, (ſeeing Francis, his man, calls out.) Frank! Frank!

Francis, (approaching.) What want you, maſter?

Simon. Look, here is neighbour Matthias, and he wants the loan of Ball. You know, the ſkin laſt Monday was rubbed off her back a hand's breath, if not more. *(He gives Frank the wink.)* So go and ſee if ſhe is well. *(Frank lets his maſter ſee that he underſtands him, and goes out.)* I think, ſhe muſt be cured by this. Oh, yes! ſo ſhake hands, my good friend! I am glad I ſhall be able to oblige you. We muſt help each other in this life. Had I flatly refuſed to let you have the mare, you would perhaps, in your turn, have refuſed me ſomething or another. Yes, that is plain. The worſt that can be ſaid of Simon is, that his acquaintance always find him ready when they want aſſiſtance. *(Francis now re-enters.)* Well, how fares it with poor Ball?

Francis.

Francis. How fares it with her, maſter? Bad enough indeed! About a hand's breadth, did you ſay? You meant about the breadth of both my ſhoulders. The poor creature cannot ſtir a ſtep! And then too, I have promiſed her to Goſſip Blaze, to carry her to market.

Simon. Do you hear that, neighbour? I am ſorry that matters turn out thus. I would not for the world have diſobliged you, but muſt not refuſe the mare to Goody Blaze. Truſt me, I am very ſorry, for your ſake, dear Matthias.

Matthias. And I as much for yours, Simon; for, to tell the truth, I had a note this morning from Lord Hazard's ſteward, and he tells me, that if I can but get to London time enough this very day, he will let me have the firſt refuſal of a lot of timber that my lord is minded to cut down. It will be upwards of a hundred guineas profit to me, out of which I meant to let you have from fifteen up to twenty, as I intended that you ſhould fell the trees. But——

Simon. What, from fifteen up to twenty guineas, did you ſay?

Matthias. Ay, truly, did I; and perhaps it might have been a great deal more. But, ſince your mare is out of order, I will go ſee if I can get old Roan, the blackſmith's horſe.

Simon. Old Roan! My mare is at your ſervice. Here, Frank! Frank! tell Goſſip Blaze that ſhe cannot have Ball to-day, as neighbour Matthias wants her; and ſurely I will not refuſe my beſt friend any thing.

Matthias. But what are you to do for meal?

Simon. My wife can go without it for a fortnight.

Matthias. And then your ſaddle, that is all in pieces?

Simon. I was ſpeaking of the old one: I have got another ſince, and you ſhall have the firſt uſe of it.

Matthias. So then, you would have me leave the mare at Spavin's, to be ſhod?

Simon. No, no: I had forgot, our neighbour ſhod her here laſt week, by way of trial; and, to do him juſtice, I muſt own he ſhoes extremely well.

Matthias. But if the creature has loſt ſo much

much ſkin from off her back, as Francis ſays——

Simon. Oh! I know him. He delights to make things worſe a great deal than they are; and I would lay any wager, it is not bigger than my little finger.

Matthias. Well then, let him curry her a little, as theſe three weeks paſt, you know——

Simon. Theſe three weeks paſt! I would not have him fail to curry her a ſingle day.

Matthias. At leaſt, however, let him give her ſomething that ſhe will eat, ſince ſhe refuſes ſtraw.

Simon. She did, indeed, this morning; but the reaſon was, that ſhe had a belly-full of hay. Don't be afraid of any thing! She will ſkim along like any bird: the road is very dry, and we ſhall have no fog. I wiſh you a good journey, and a profitable job! Come, come this moment, and I will hold the ſtirrup for you.

THE SLOVEN.

URBAN paſſed, and very juſtly, for an excellent boy. He was extremely gentle, always ready to oblige his little friends, and never once diſpleaſed his parents or inſtructors.

He had one great fault, however; he would loſe his books, with other matters, and pay no attention to his clothes, which were in common very dirty. In one word, he was a ſloven.

He had often been admoniſhed of, and puniſhed for, his negligence. This puniſhment and admonition grieved him, both on his own account, and as he knew that his friends were ſorry to proceed thus harſhly with him. He had many times reſolved upon amendment; but the habit was ſo ſtrong, that, notwithſtanding every reſolution, he had always the ſame ſlovenly appearance.

His papa ſome time ago had promiſed him and his three brothers, on the firſt fine day, to take them out upon the water. Such a day as he could wiſh, now came: there

there hardly was a breath of wind, and he remarked the water very ſmooth. He therefore called the children, told them his deſign, and as he lived quite cloſe beſide the river, went himſelf into the garden, and picked the neateſt boat then plying.

How rejoiced the little gentlemen appeared! and how alert to make their preparation for a day of pleaſure which they had been ſo long expecting!

They were now all ready to ſet out when Mr. Weſton came to take them. They jumped round about him in the tranſport of their joy; and Mr. Weſton, on his ſide, was very happy to remark their ſatisfaction: but what was his wonder, when he ſaw Urban, to obſerve the unſeemlineſs of his apparel.

Of his ſtockings, one was, as they ſay, about his heels; the other negligently gartered, if at all, made his leg look ſomething like a twiſted column. Two great holes were in his breeches knees; his waiſtcoat was from top to bottom ſtained with greaſe or ink; and there was wanting half a collar to his coat.

The father ſaw with ſorrow, that it was impoſſible to take him in ſo ſlovenly a ſtate; as every one would have thought, with reaſon, that the father of ſo ſlovenly a child muſt be as negligent himſelf, to ſuffer ſuch a fault. And Mr. Weſton being a man of merit, and eſteemed by thoſe who knew him, was far from wiſhing ſuch addition to his character.

Urban had another coat, but that unhappily was at the taylor's to be repaired; and it was not a trifle that would repair it, as it wanted one whole ſkirt, which had been torn quite off. The ſcowerer was to have it afterwards, and work a day, at leaſt, in getting out the dirt and ſpots.

What was the conſequence then, my dear little friends? There is not one of you but may eaſily gueſs.

His brothers, who had proper clothes to put on, and whoſe general appearance did their father credit, were admitted into the boat. The body of it was painted blue, as were the oars. The gun-whale and the edges of the oars were of a deep vermillion. In the boat there was a linen awning, that is roof, ſupported at the corners, to preſerve the company beneath it from the ſun: the watermen

men had nice white linen ſhirts on; three muſicians had their ſtation in the ſtern; they were provided with a hautboy, clarionet and violin, and began to play a march in concert when the watermen firſt dipped their oars into the water, to which a crowd who were aſſembled at the ſtairs replied with joyous ſhoutings.

Poor Urban, who had pleaſed himſelf a long time with the thoughts of ſuch an airing, was obliged to ſtay at home. It is true, he had the pleaſure from a window of obſerving his papa and brothers go into the boat, and of following it as far upon the river as his eye would let him, while a gentle breeze ſwelled out the ſails, and made it ſeem to ſkim along upon the ſurface of the water: and it is true, his brothers, after their return, related all the pleaſures that they had taſted in their day's excurſion; and of which the recollection made them ſtill jump for joy.

Another day, as he was playing in a meadow, with a little friend of his, he chanced to loſe a buckle; but inſtead of ſeeking diligently for it, he begged his comrade for a little while to lend him his, becauſe,

becauſe, in walking about, the ſtraps, which he trod on now and then, had already more than once been like to trip him up.

His little friend conſented; and Urban, being quite intent on ſomething, and extremely anxious to renew his motion, faſtened it ſo negligently that in leſs than twenty minutes time he loſt that alſo.

They were both exceedingly embarraſſed when the time was come for their returning home. Night overtook them, and the graſs was ſo high that a lamb might eaſily have hid himſelf entirely in it. How then could they find, at duſk, a thing ſo little? They came home clumpetty clump, each leaning on the other, and quite ſad; particularly Urban, who, poſſeſſing real ſenſibility, was grieved in having thus expoſed his boſom friend and playmate to the anger of his parents.

On the morrow he appeared before the family, when they were aſſembled together, with a ſingle buckle for two ſhoes. Sad ſight for Mr. Weſton! who perceived by that how much his exhortations were ſtill thrown away.

As often as Monday came about, he was accuſtomed to ſupply Urban and his brothers with a regular allowance, that they might not be without the means of ſatisfying what are uſually the wants of children, but particularly any impulſe to be generous. Urban's brothers had conſtantly the pleaſure of receiving this allowance; while he, poor fellow, hardly ever had any of it, on account of ſtoppages for buttons, handkerchiefs, and other things that he loſt.

A ſilver buckle coſt ſome money; but this was not the whole. He had loſt his companion's, and was therefore obliged to pay for that likewiſe. How was he to do it? His allowance would not have enabled him to clear this debt in three months time.

His father luckily had taught him, even in his earlieſt infancy, to uſe a pen; and, to employ the common phraſe, he wrote already an exceedingly fine hand.

This, therefore, was the only occupation by which he could earn a little money; and, to his praiſe I muſt acknowledge, he conſented with a deal of willingneſs to an arrangement made on this occaſion.

His

His companion's father was an eminent attorney, and employed above a dozen clerks to copy papers for him. Mr. Weſton therefore offered him Urban's ſervices in this way, 'till ſuch time as he had earned enough to pay him for the buckle; and requeſted that the attorney would conſent to ſuch a way of ſettling matters, as it was very probable Urban might be greatly benefited by it.

The attorney freely acquieſced, and down Urban ſat to work in copying law proceedings, which at beſt were very tedious, and in general ſcrawled over ſo that he could hardly read them, whilſt his brothers went a walking in the fields, or entertained themſelves by playing with each other in the garden.

Oh, how many ſighs did his inattention coſt him! and how much pleaſure did it occaſion him to loſe in a very few days!

He had time for making many ſalutary comments on his conduct; and reſolving, for the time to come, upon a change. In ſhort, he kept his reſolution; ſo that were I now to point him out, dear little friends, to any of you,—when you noticed the cleanlineſs

lineſs of his perſon, and the neatneſs of his general appearance, you would find it difficult to think that he could be the ſame little boy whoſe hiſtory I have juſt now written for your inſtruction as well as amuſement.

GOD's BIRD.

Mrs. Mortimer, Paul and Edward, her ſons.

Mrs. Mortimer.

MY deareſt Edward, what have you done with all your money?

Edward. Given it away.

Mrs. Mortimer. Away, my little fellow!! to whom!

Edward. A very wicked boy.

Mrs. Mortimer. No doubt, to make him better?

Edward. Yes, mama. Pray don't the birds that fly about, belong to God?

Mrs. Mortimer. They do; as well as we ourſelves, and every other creature.

Edward.

Edward. Well, mama; this wicked boy had ſtolen a bird from God, and carried it about to ſell. The little bird cried out with all its ſtrength; and he was pinching the beak cloſe, to hinder it from crying. He was certainly afraid, mama, that God would hear it cry, and puniſh him for ſo much naughtineſs.

Mrs. Mortimer. And you, my little man—

Edward. And I—I gave the wicked boy my money, purſe and all, that he might give God back again his bird—I fancy God was very glad. (*He jumps about for joy.*)

Mrs. Mortimer. He was, no doubt, to find my little fellow have ſo good a heart.

Edward. The boy perhaps was wicked, dear mama, becauſe he wanted money?

Mrs. Mortimer. Very likely.

Edward. Therefore I am glad that I gave him mine; becauſe, mama, you know, that I don't want money.

Paul. We have had a ſort of difference with each other upon this affair. My brother gave his money without counting what it was, though certainly it would have bought ten birds. I told him that he ſhould

firſt

firſt have aſked the boy how much would ſatisfy him.

Edward. Which of us was in the right, mama?

Mrs. Mortimer. Not you, my love.

Edward. But have not you, if you remember, often ſaid, dear Edward, do whatever you can, and aſk no queſtions.

Mrs. Mortimer. I have often told you ſo, indeed; but then you ſhould conſider how to do it the beſt way you can. To-day, for inſtance, ſince you had more money than was neceſſary to deliver the poor little bird, you ſhould have kept the reſt for ſuch another purpoſe; for if other wicked boys had come into your way, as well as he did, with God's birds, and you had no more money, tell me what you would have done?

Edward. Why then, mama, I would have come to you for what I wanted.

Mrs. Mortimer. But if I had happened to have none?

Edward. Ah!—then ſo much the worſe!

Mrs. Mortimer. You ſee, then, Paul gave you good advice. You are to ſave your money, and not only for yourſelf, but for others, ſo that you may do all the good in your

your power with it. Do you ſuppoſe, my dear, that there was no other bird than this in all the world, to which you might have given aſſiſtance?

Edward. I was thinking of no other then. I wiſh, mama, you had but ſeen how much he ſeemed at firſt to ſuffer, and how glad he was afterwards when I let him fly away. He was quite giddy with his joy, he knew not where to go that he might clap his wings. However, dear mama, the boy aſſured me, for I made him promiſe, that he would never try to catch it a ſecond time.

Mrs. Mortimer. My little fellow, you have, notwithſtanding, done quite well; and to reward you, here is the money.

Edward. More!—oh, thank you.

Mrs. Mortimer. And a kiſs into the bargain. How rejoiced I am in being your mama! With ſuch an inclination as you have for doing good, you need but ſtudy how to do it in a proper manner, and you will prove the happieſt creature in the world.

THE

THE FLOWER THAT NEVER FADES.

Araminta, Emily.

Araminta. GOOD morrow, dear Emily; I conſider it extremely kind that you are come to ſee me.

Emily. My mama has juſt now given me leave to paſs the evening with you.

Araminta. Has ſhe? I am very glad of it. It is ſuch fine weather! It appears to me as if our friends were much more welcome when all nature ſmiles about us.

Emily. So I think too. Give me your hand, and let us walk. How ſweetly we ſhall paſs the time in talking with each other!

Araminta. Yes; and running after one another? Shall we fix upon the grove for our diverſions?

Emily. Oh, with all my heart! A ſpecial thought! as we ſhall not be interrupted there.

Araminta. I ſhall requeſt you only to let me ſit down a little, ſo that I may give about a dozen ſtitches to this apron that I have brought with me.

Emily.

Emily. Do; and more than that: I will help you.

Araminta. Not for all the world, Emily; though I thank you: but the truth is, that I would not have a ſingle ſtitch in what I am now making that was not my own.

Emily. I judge, then, you deſign to make a preſent of it?

Araminta. Right.

Emily. And are you in a hurry to complete it?

Araminta. I would not, for a good deal, but that it ſhould be finiſhed by the 4th of this month, which is Miſs Le Févre's birthday.

Emily. Miſs Le Févre, ſay you? I do not recollect, at preſent, any one of that name among our acquaintances.

Araminta. The reaſon is, ſhe is mine particularly; one who is ſo good to me, ſhe ſeems to have no opportunity, or rather time, for being good to others. Oh, an excellent and tender friend! to whom I am indebted very poſſibly for all my happineſs.

Emily. And how ſo, pray, dear Araminta? I long to know her.

Ara-

Araminta. Well, what think you of my governeſs?

Emily. Oh, ſhe! you know you call her generally Mademoiſelle.

Araminta. Yes, Mademoiſelle, or Miſs Le Févre. Now, pray have you not remarked—I do not mean when I came from France, but nearly ten months ſince, a wonderous change in my behaviour?

Emily. To confeſs the truth, I have; and think you hardly the ſame perſon that you were formerly. What can have cauſed ſo great an alteration? Till you quitted England, ay, and ſince you came from France, I muſt acknowledge you were proud and huffiſh. You offended every body without ſcruple, and the leaſt familiarity from others was conſidered as an inſult by you; but at preſent your behaviour is engaging. You have that complacency and affability which cannot but win people's hearts. I freely tell you, I myſelf even love you ten times more at preſent than I did. You took ſuch airs upon you before as diſguſted me. I was a hundred times diſpoſed to break off all connection with you; whereas now, I find a real pleaſure in your company and converſ-

converſation. And what pleaſes me ſtill more than all is, that you ſeem yourſelf much happier than before.

Araminta. And ſo I am, dear friend. I was an object to be pitied at the time you mention. I occaſioned all our family, and every one that wiſhed me well, a deal of trouble. Miſs Le Févre, in particular, was grieved to think of my behaviour, as ſhe loved me tenderly; and yet, while I was grieving her, I knew that ſhe faithfully fulfilled the promiſe which ſhe made to my dear mama, upon her dying-bed, of loving me with all the affection of a mother.

Emily. Every body muſt confeſs, you could not poſſibly have fallen into better hands; and the advantage of your trip to France would have been really conſiderable had it only been the means of introducing ſuch a perſon to you. I am told, there are few families but would wiſh to have her for their children.

Araminta. You are yet to learn how much I owe her; therefore I deſign to tell you. It is the ſtory of a morning that will live for ever in my recollection: it was the morning of the 4th of this very month, and

as

as I knew before, her birth-day. I was awake betimes. She muſt be ſtill aſleep, ſaid I; for then we did not lie together, no not even in the ſame apartment. I will ſurpriſe her, if I can, before ſhe riſes; ſo I dreſſed myſelf as nicely as I could, then took the baſket which a charming little lady, you know who, (*ſhe ſqueezes Emily by the hand*) had given me as a preſent, and ran down into the garden to get flowers, that I might ſcatter them on Miſs Le Févre's bed, as is the cuſtom upon birth-days in her country. I ſtole ſecretly along the hedge, and, unperceived by any one, had gathered three freſh roſes. I now looked about for honey-ſuckles, jeſſamin, and myrtle: I bethought myſelf that they grew below the arbour at the bottom of the garden. I was running thither; but in paſſing by the arbour I ſaw Miſs Le Févre on her knees within it, and both hands before her face; I turned to ſhun her, but it was all in vain; ſhe heard my ſteps, on which ſhe raiſed her head, perceived me, and called out that I ſhould come that moment to her.

She had not as yet had time enough to wipe her eyes: I ſaw that ſhe had been crying; but her tears were not like thoſe which I had ſo often ſeen her ſhed at the recital of ſome juſt or generous action. Noting her reception of me, which was friendly and affectionate, I could not but obſerve that ſhe had a countenance of ſorrow.

With one hand ſhe inſtantly took hold of mine, and paſſed the other round my middle. We walked up and down the terrace twice in this poſition, and were ſilent; for, as Mademoiſelle forbore to ſay a word, I durſt not move my lips, ſo much was I affected by it!

But at length ſhe preſſed me ſtill more cloſely to her boſom, and beholding me with tenderneſs, and likewiſe glancing at my baſket with the roſes in it, I obſerve, ſaid ſhe, dear Araminta, you have loſt no time to think upon my birth-day. This affectionate attention to me would certainly make me forget the melancholy thoughts which oppreſs my mind upon your account, but that your happineſs occaſioned them. Yes, deareſt Araminta, attribute only to my friend-

friendſhip what I am now about to mention. I am anxious to diſcharge my boſom of its load, that I may welcome afterward thoſe more delightful thoughts which I owe you for the preſent, that, I obſerve, you were preparing for me.

I was dumb, and in a tremble, while ſhe thus addreſſed me: it was as if my conſcience had addreſſed me by her lips.

You, Araminta, continued ſhe, who have received from nature ſuch a diſpoſition, and have had that diſpoſition ſo well cultivated by the example and inſtructions of your good mama, will you pervert it by a fault which of itſelf alone muſt put out every virtue? I will not mention it by name; and now particularly, after what I have already told you. It might make you perhaps look with too much horror on yourſelf; and I have no deſire to mortify my lovely child. It is ſufficient that your heart acknowledges this fault: and I perſuade myſelf, I know you well enough to be aſſured that your utmoſt efforts will, in future, be excited to deſtroy it.

Let us not go too far back; but only think of your behaviour yeſterday.

Do you remember the deciſive tone of voice with which you ſpoke at breakfaſt, to diſplay how much you knew of hiſtory? You cited, I muſt own, events ſufficiently inſtructive to have made the company attend to what you ſaid, but that they ſaw you reſolved, if I may ſay ſo, to excite their admiration. You appeared ſo marvellouſly well contented with yourſelf, that they were really afraid of praiſing you, which would have unavoidably inflamed or aggravated your ſelf-love. Remember, likewiſe, with how much attention they gave ear to little Arabella, and were really enchanted with the grace of her recital, and the modeſty with which ſhe bluſhed at being thought ſo well informed. I ſaw you, my dear, turn pale with ſpite and envy. Tears of rage were in your eyes, and it was in vain that you ſtrove to hide them, while the company were inwardly rejoiced to ſee you ſo completely humbled.

In the afternoon, when with an air of triumph in your eyes you came to ſhew your writing, and it paſſed without receiving any of thoſe praiſes that you expected—

pected—with what viſible vexation did you receive it back when every one had ſeen it!

And at night, when you accompanied Miſs Arabella on the harpſichord, the bad time that you kept, perhaps on purpoſe, put her out; and when ſhe aſked you in a whiſper to play better, what a hideous look did you then put on, inſtead of doing as ſhe bade you?

Ah! for heaven's ſake, interrupted I, and at the ſame time burſt out a crying: do not go on, for you muſt know, Emily, her diſcourſe had pierced me to the heart.

It was vanity, ſaid I to Mademoiſelle: that vice which you durſt not mention by its name. I never ſaw its frightfulneſs ſo much, believe me, as at preſent.

I could ſay no more; but ſhe was able to diſcern my thoughts. Her arm in agitation preſſed me once more to her boſom with a tenderneſs that I am unable to deſcribe. I felt her tears fall plenteouſly upon my cheeks, while with her eyes ſhe looked in ſilence up to heaven.

The eloquence of this mute prayer completely overwhelmed me. We were come, without perceiving it, to the foot of this

large tree. We ſtopped cloſe by this green bank, and I fell down upon it half ſwooning as it were. She inſtantly afforded me the tendereſt ſuccour, and reſtored me to new life by her affectionate careſſes.

Being juſt upon the point of going in, I ſaid, renewing my embraces, dry your tears up, my good friend; they are the laſt that you ſhall have cauſe to ſhed on my account.

On her part, ſhe embraced me ſtill more tenderly, and anſwered, ſaying, You could never have rejoiced me ſo completely on my birth-day as by this noble reſolution. It is the fitteſt noſegay for us both, the noſegay that I hope will never loſe its beauty.

By degrees we both became more tranquil. She remarked the fineneſs of the morning; and my heart, now eaſed of an intolerable load, was in a proper diſpoſition to enjoy the beauty of the day which came on very fine.

I grew ſenſible how ſweet it is to have the experience of this calm within one's ſelf. I begged her to inſtruct me by what means I might keep up ſo pleaſing a ſerenity. Two hours thus paſſed away between

us

us in a converſation full of friendſhip and affectionate inſtruction.

My papa, without informing me of his intention, had prepared a little banquet; we were preſent at it, and gave ſigns with how much joy our boſoms overflowed. Since that time, dear friend, I have begun to put away that odious vice which made me inſupportable to others and myſelf. I leave you then to think, if I can poſſibly omit, on the return of ſuch a day, to teſtify my gratitude for ſuch a worthy friend, who was the means of making it the æra of my happineſs.

Emily. My deareſt Araminta, ſince we have ſtill a little time, I will alſo prepare your friend a noſegay as a ſign of gratitude for having heightened my enjoyment in continuing ſtill to love you.

Araminta. Come then: now I have done, and will aſſiſt you.

THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

The MASTER.
An ASSISTANT.
EUGENIUS, *the maſter's ſon.*
EDWARD,
RODERICK,
THEODORE,
} *Scholars.*

The SCENE *is in the Maſter's Study.*

SCENE I.

The Maſter, the Aſſiſtant.

(*The Maſter ſits writing before his deſk.*)

The Aſſiſtant, (*knocking at the door, and half opening it.*)

WILL you permit me, ſir, to interrupt you for a moment?

The Maſter. Come in, ſir, without aſking leave: you know, whatever time I have belongs of juſtice to the duties of my place.

The

The Aſſiſtant. I wiſh to tell you of a circumſtance not very common, that has happened in the ſchool within theſe few days paſt.

The Maſter. What is it? you alarm me!

The Aſſiſtant. Oh! there is no occaſion, ſir, for that: what I have to ſay is rather affecting than alarming. What are your ideas then of our laſt pupil, Edward Barton?

The Maſter. For theſe ten days paſt, that he has been among us, you are ſenſible, I have not had an opportunity of even ſpeaking to him. This, however, I can ſay in his behalf, that when his parents brought him, I remarked ſomething in his countenance that pleaſed me mightily. Do any of the Aſſiſtants take offence at his behaviour?

The Aſſiſtant. The reverſe. They give him all poſſible praiſe for his diligence; and the greatneſs of his underſtanding alſo charms them. He has come among us with more knowledge than our own ſcholars of three years ſtanding generally have; in ſhort, his ſchool-fellows only and myſelf have reaſon to be diſcontented with him.

The Maſter. How, Sir! have *you* reaſon to be diſcontented with him? I am ſorry for it.

The Aſſiſtant. I am ſo indeed; but much leſs on my own account than on his. I do not know what it means, but there muſt be ſome deep anxiety upon his mind. I have had recourſe to many methods for diſcovering it, but have been always baffled.

The Maſter. What is his behaviour?

The Aſſiſtant. In the firſt place, ſir, he is very ſtudious when in ſchool, and nothing can divert him from the buſineſs of it: but in play-time he is ſilent and reſerved among the ſcholars. I have given him two, who are allowed to be the ſprightlieſt, as companions, and enjoined them to do every thing in their power to pleaſe him. He is ſenſible indeed to their endeavours, and acknowledges their kindneſs; but when all is done, their fire is utterly incapable of warming him, and he appears between them juſt like ſo much ice. *Yes*, gentlemen; *no*, gentlemen; and ſuch like monoſyllables, are all his anſwers to their queſtions.

The Maſter. He is ſad, no doubt, at being ſeparated from his parents?

The

The Aſſiſtant. Yes, it is very natural to think ſo; yet his ſadneſs has continued now ten days; and can we think a child of only twelve years of age really ſuſceptible of an impreſſion for that length of time?

The Maſter. Not often: but a child of ſo much elevation as I thought his countenance indicated!

The Aſſiſtant. Pardon, ſir, my contradicting you; for if that age is very ſenſible, it is variable alſo, and ſince I have been a tutor here, I have noticed that all thoſe who have been moſt afflicted at the thought of being ſeparated from their parents, have, and very ſhortly, been induced by their companions to forget that ſeparation. Now whatever Edward's notions may be on this head, what will you think when I have told you every thing?

The Maſter. You raiſe my curioſity. Proceed. I look to be informed of nothing on the ſubject of this Edward but what is great and ſingular!

The Aſſiſtant. Would you believe it then, ſir, he refuſes every thing at meal time, but a little bread and water. It is not poſſible

that any criminal ſhould be condemned to coarſer fare than what he voluntarily chuſes!

The Maſter. You do not tell me ſo? He ſhould have lived at Sparta.

The Aſſiſtant. True, ſir; but with us, where ſingularity muſt not be ſuffered, and the little ſoldier is to be ſubmiſſive to general ſubordination, there is room to fear ſome danger to the reſt in his example. Twenty times would I have made him eat the victuals ſet before him; but to all my inſtances, he has no otherwiſe made anſwer, than by turning towards me, and in tears,—I weep myſelf to think of his affecting way.

The Maſter. I too am not unmoved. This diſobedience is, however, blameable, and muſt not be unpuniſhed. If he ſhould perſiſt therein, whatever cauſes it, he cannot poſſibly ſtay here. The intention of a military ſchool is nothing leſs than that the ſcholars ſhould be abſolutely ſubject to the will of their inſtructors.

The Aſſiſtant. His diſmiſſion was indeed the circumſtance that I feared; and therefore I put off ſpeaking of his diſobedience to you. I was every day in hope that his reſolution

reſolution would be conquered; but it ſtill continues.

The Maſter. Is it poſſible, that at his tender age he ſhould be ſo far maſter of himſelf, as to conceal his thoughts from one ſo exerciſed as you are in examining the diſpoſitions of young people?

The Aſſiſtant. He is what you called him juſt now, a true Spartan. His behaviour, though not tinctured with a grain of pride, is perfectly ſeducing. Such is, I may ſay, his manner of concealing what afflicts him, that one cannot but be really aſtoniſhed at his ſilence, and yet not harſh enough to think him obſtinate.

The Maſter. I will ſound him then myſelf. The light in which you place his portrait, adds conſiderably to the fair opinion that I formed on my firſt ſeeing him. If I can poſſibly prevail upon him to reveal the cauſe of his affliction, I perſuade myſelf, I ſhall be fully compenſated for my trouble in obtaining it.

The Aſſiſtant. On my part, threats, entreaties, and perſuaſion, have been all employed without effect. Of courſe then, I muſt fear, your efforts will be no leſs unſucceſſful,

ful, though I wiſh the contrary, and ſhould be even happy if it proved ſo.

The Maſter. In the firſt place, I mean to queſtion thoſe whom you ſaid you had enjoined to keep him company.—Who are they?

The Aſſiſtant. Theodore and Roderick: but your ſon Eugenius, ſir, will give you better information.

The Maſter. How! has Edward intereſted *him* then?

The Aſſiſtant. He thinks more, I verily believe, of Edward, than himſelf. I have obſerved him ſtudying his actions ſilently. —Then he has never uttered a ſyllable to you about him?

The Maſter. No: but I am as well pleaſed with his reſerve as his attention. It proclaims a ſecret ſympathy between him and the youth who has attracted him. You will oblige me by conducting them all three together here this inſtant.

The Aſſiſtant. I would rather ſend them; as who knows, ſir, but they will think my preſence a reſtraint. They will be free, if I am abſent.

The

The Maſter. Right: ſo let them come alone; and ſend me Edward likewiſe, when you find that they have left me; or, on ſecond thoughts, let him ſit down and wait my coming in the parlour. I will be with him ſhortly.

SCENE II.

The Maſter, (alone.)

This affair is all a myſtery to me! It is very natural that Edward ſhould grieve at being ſeparated from his parents. It is not poſſible but that a boy of ſuch promiſing qualities ſhould be extremely dear to every one who knows him, and have had continual marks of their indulgence; but that nothing ſhould have mitigated his affliction in the period of ten days, ſurrounded by ſo many of his age, and all no doubt deſirous to amuſe him; and ſtill more, that he ſhould wiſh for nothing in the world but bread and water, is inexplicable! What the children have to eat is very good, and therefore could not from its quality diſguſt him. Beſides, he was never uſed at home to better fare.

fare. His father, at his bringing him to ſchool, informed me he was far from rich, and had a numerous family to maintain. The more I think of his behaviour, ſtill the more I think it wonderful! (*He walks about a little while in thought.*)

SCENE III.

The Maſter, Eugenius, Roderick, Theodore.

Eugenius. We come, papa, according to your order. The aſſiſtant told us that we we were wanted; Theodore and Roderick, and myſelf.

The Maſter. Yes, Eugenius. I deſire to have a little converſation with theſe two young gentlemen and you.

Roderick and Theodore. It is doing us a deal of honour.

Eugenius. Yes, and pleaſure too; at leaſt *I* think ſo.

The Maſter, (*to Theodore and Roderick.*) I am told, you are not quite contented with your new companion's conduct?

Roderick. To confeſs the truth, ſir, he is indeed a little of the dulleſt; this ſame maſter—What is his name?

Theodore.

Theodore. He has ſpoke ſo little to us, we do not recollect what name he goes by.

Eugenius. Edward Barton. For his name, I do not think much of that, in preference to any other; but his perſon, that is another thing, and I am happy to be acquainted with him.

Roderick. Edward?—a good name enough, if *Dummy* were but added. Maſter Edward Dummy!

Eugenius. O, papa! pray do not let Roderick ridicule poor Edward in this manner!

The Maſter. Maſter Roderick, who has authorized you to diſtribute epithets among your ſchool-fellows thus?

Roderick. Becauſe he does not ſpeak three words in half an hour. Had he come to us from the moon, I ſhould not wonder at it. He is ſo pale and mopiſh, he would not belie his country.

The Maſter. Should his paleneſs then, or mopiſhneſs, as you are pleaſed to call it, make you hate him?

Roderick. I am not his enemy; far from it, ſir; but cannot be his friend, ſince he does

does nothing to divert us, after we have taken ſo much pains to make him ſpeak.

Theodore. I am not his enemy; far from it, ſir; but cannot be his friend, ſince he does nothing to divert us, after we have taken ſo much pains to make him ſpeak.

Theodore. The night, ſir, is ſurely long enough for ſilence. The day was made for amuſement, laughing and talking.

Roderick. Muſt *I* be dull, becauſe *he* takes ſo much delight in dulneſs?

Eugenius. Poor young man! You ſhould not call it dulneſs; it is uneaſineſs.

Roderick. And did we not do every thing in our power to make him chearful? But the more we play our monkey tricks to make him fall a grinning, ſtill the more his ſober ſadneſs gains upon him. We have done with him at laſt at our diverſions; but ſtill find him when we come to dinner, where he makes ſuch faces as are enough to make us hungry again.

The Maſter. Has he any ſickening method, as ſome children have, of eating?

Roderick. He muſt needs be very aukward, were his manners ſickening; ſince he

he eats bread only, and drinks nothing but clear water.

Theodore. He affects a puny ſtomach, merely to ſhew us what good things he had at home.

Eugenius. You very much miſtake him, if you fancy that it is from pride. I watched him yeſterday, when he had good roaſt beef put down before him, and could ſee, though he concealed his face, that his eyes were full of tears.

The Maſter. You don't ſay ſo, Eugenius?

Roderick. Yes, indeed, he very often whimpers; and if once Don Quixote ſhould return again to life, they would fight to know which of them ſhould be called *Knight of the Woeful Viſage.*

The Maſter. Are you ſo unfeeling as to make a joke of his affliction?

Roderick. He is enough to make us alſo of Don Quixote's order. It is quite diſmal to ſee ſuch a countenance at dinner: it deprives us of our ſtomachs. Look ye, commend me to Theodore: he would give you a good appetite to ſee him eat.

The Maſter. You would be glad then, I ſuppoſe,

ſuppoſe, to rid yourſelves of Edward at your table?

Roderick. Yes, ſir, and with all our hearts, unleſs he would become a little merry.

Eugenius. Well then, let him ſit, papa, at mine. I ſhould be glad to have him by me, and will take care of him.

The Maſter. You are not afraid then of his ſadneſs, like theſe gentlemen?

Eugenius. I am doubtleſs ſorrowful to ſee him ſad; but merely upon that account would ſhew him all the friendſhip in my power. He would not, perhaps, be ſo unhappy, did he know that we pity him.

The Maſter. Can neither of you gueſs the reaſon of his melancholy?

Theodore. To confeſs the truth, I never thought of aſking him.

Roderick. Why wiſh to know things that are ſure to make one ſad?

The Maſter. And you, Eugenius, can you let me have no better information?

Eugenius. No, indeed, papa. I ſhould have been rejoiced to know the ſecret, and to conſole him were it in my power. Theſe three times have I begged him to reveal it; but durſt go no further, when I ſaw he was reſolved

reſolved to keep it. Doubtleſs he does not think me yet ſufficiently his friend to truſt me with it. I muſt therefore merit his reliance on me by my ſervices.

The Maſter. But why, Eugenius, did you tell me nothing of all this before?

Eugenius. Becauſe I thought that you would have forced him to conduct himſelf upon a footing with the reſt, and have reprimanded him in caſe of his refuſal. You have given me your permiſſion to be always in the ſchool; and I ſhall never be ſo mean as to betray my dear companions by telling tales. But if ever they do any thing that merits commendation, never fear but I will come and make you acquainted with it.

The Maſter, (embracing Eugenius.) I expected nothing leſs, my dear Eugenius, from your ſenſibility; and am quite charmed to find myſelf not diſappointed. *(To Theodore and Roderick.)* I am ſorry, gentlemen, that I cannot beſtow the ſame eulogium on your conduct. I could certainly have wiſhed that you had evinced a little affection, or at leaſt ſome ſlight conſideration, for poor Edward in his ſorrow. Go, return to your amuſements: it were a pity to diſturb you in

in them. If your turn of mind preſerves you from ſome ſort of ſorrows, I am grievouſly afraid that it hinders you from reliſhing thoſe exquiſite delights which a generous heart experiences. (*Theodore and Roderick leave the room in manifeſt confuſion.*)

SCENE IV.

The Maſter, Eugenius.

The Maſter. It is you only that are worthy to enjoy thoſe exquiſite delights. How I rejoice to find you ſo compaſſionate towards others in their ſorrow!

Eugenius. Who, papa, could poſſibly refrain from pitying the unhappy Edward? His dejection, and his paleneſs, every thing announces ſome uncommon cauſe of ſorrow in his heart. So young! and yet ſo miſerable! I avoided him at firſt, juſt like the reſt, and thought him moroſe and ſavage. But when I afterwards noticed his conſiſtency and perſeverance, his condeſcenſion and politeneſs, I was gradually attracted by him, ſo as in the end to give him all my friendſhip; and, I think, I ſhould conceive

a great deal better of myſelf, could I but merit his.

The Maſter. You know, however, that he has behaved ſo as to incur the crime of diſobedience?

Eugenius. Yes, at table.—I cannot poſſibly conceive the meaning of it; but, perhaps, he fancies that every ſoldier ſhould live coarſely. After all, his ſingular abſtemiouſneſs is better than the gluttony of others; and the example that he holds out can injure no one. Pray then let him ſtill continue what is ſo much to his liking, being, as he is, ſo punctual to his duty, and ſo diligent in ſchool. He is the firſt of all his claſs in mathematics, geography, and drawing.

The Maſter. But a conduct which ſo openly infringes upon rule and order, cannot be excuſed in any circumſtance, nor from any motive. I perceive, I ſhall be forced to ſend him home.

Eugenius. You do not mean ſo, papa? What! for ſo ſlight a fault, and one that perhaps merits praiſe rather than cenſure, will you ſend him off as if his principles were

were vicious? Let *me* go then with him likewiſe.

The Maſter. How, Eugenius? are you ſo attached to him then? For what reaſon?

Eugenius. I cannot tell you; yet, if you will but have a little converſation with him, you will perhaps diſcern the reaſon. How rejoiced I ſhould be, were he but my brother! I ſhould only have this to fear, that you would love him more than you do me at preſent.

The Maſter. I have ſent for him, and mean to have ſome converſation with him here. I ſhall then diſcern if he is worthy of inſpiring ſuch a ſtrong attachment, and ſincerely hope that you have not misjudged in the affair. If ſo, I promiſe—but of that another time. I hear ſomebody knock. Step into the adjoining room, that if I call, you may come to us.

Eugenius. Yes, papa. (*Eugenius goes out. The Maſter riſes to open the door.*)

SCENE V.

Edward entering, bows reſpectfully to the Maſter, who ſits down. Edward ſtands before him.

The

The Maſter. Well, maſter Barton, can you any way conjecture why I ſent to fetch you?

Edward. Yes, ſir, I am afraid I gueſs the reaſon.

The Maſter. Is it true, then, that you diſdain the company and converſation of your ſchool-mates, and diſturb their paſtimes by ſuch whims and affectations as were never heard of in a perſon of your age?

Edward. I dare anſwer, ſir, with all the deference and reſpect that I owe you, it was never my intention to do either.

The Maſter. You have been told, for inſtance, what rules the ſcholars are to obſerve, when at meals, and yet you chooſe to live on bread and water.

Edward. True, ſir; I want nothing more.

The Maſter. The Aſſiſtant has endeavoured to convince you how improper ſuch a ſingularity muſt be conſidered, and yet finds you fixed to perſevere therein.

Edward. Yes, ſir.

The Maſter. And think you ſuch a perſeverance commendable?

Edward. Not, ſir, in your thoughts, I own.

The Maſter. It is then a matter of indifference to you, whether you do right or wrong in my opinion?

Edward. No, ſir; for in that caſe, I ſhould heed as little your reproaches as your praiſe. I know what obligation I am under to obey you, and have often blamed myſelf for not complying with your pleaſure, in the regulations of this place; but ſtill, have found it utterly impoſſible to do ſo. Heaven is, notwithſtanding, witneſs for me, that I am not quite ſo guilty, as appearances proclaim me.

The Maſter. I will readily allow, you are yourſelf perſuaded of your innocence, and therefore think, that you have ſuch reaſons as will juſtify your diſobedience.—Have you any thing to ſay then?

Edward. Nothing, ſir.

The Maſter. But ſurely you muſt know, that diſobedience is a bad example, even though you think that your motives will excuſe you.

Edward. I have had the honour to acknowledge that myſelf.

The

The Maſter. That hitherto it has been tolerated from the hope of your amendment.

Edward. Always.

The Maſter. And, in ſhort, that by your obſtinacy you have merited already the ſevereſt puniſhment.

Edward. I am ready to endure it.

The Maſter. But not ready to amend your conduct?

Edward. It is impoſſible.

The Maſter. I ſee then, and am ſorry for it, that it will be impoſſible for me to keep you here a moment longer; as it would be contrary to all good order, to ſuffer ſuch an inſtance of rebellion in an inſtitution of this ſort.

Edward. What will become of me at that rate? wretched as I am! O ſir! muſt I then be at laſt a burthen to my parents, and an object of contempt for others? Have I merited this ſentence?

The Maſter. Have you merited this ſentence! When you will not place the leaſt degree of confidence in me, do you aſk that queſtion? Would you hide a ſecret from your father? I am here to be a father to

you, and you will not ſhew yourſelf a ſon to me!

Edward. If ſuch, ſir, be your condeſcenſion, I will give you the poſſeſſion of my heart. I could ſtand patiently and hear your threats, but cannot be unaffected by your friendſhip: yes, ſir, I will lay out my whole heart before you, and make known the affliction that oppreſſes me.

The Maſter. You are willing then to think yourſelf my ſon!

Edward, (*throwing himſelf into the Maſter's arms.*) Are you then willing to become my ſecond father?

The Maſter, (*embracing him.*) O my deareſt Edward! call me for the future only by that name.

Edward. Well then, my ſecond father, I have one at home ſo poor, that he ſubſiſts on ſcarcely better food than bread and water. My poor mother likewiſe is as much reduced as he is; I have two ſiſters, and as many brothers, who enjoy no better fare. And can I then indulge my appetite, and live on your good things, while they have, as it were, no more than bread to

moiſten with their tears? No, no; much rather would I die of hunger. I am Edward Barton, and there never was a father of that name who had a ſon unworthy of him.

The Maſter. What! has no one then ſolicited the government in favour of ſo old a ſoldier?

Edward. No one, ſir: but he is deſtitute of all things, after having ſerved his country two and twenty years with honour, and conſumed the little that he had left in ſoliciting a penſion. On the eve of my departure for this place, I heard him read the ſtory of Count Ugolino, who was ſhut up in a caſtle, with his family, to die of hunger. Since that moment, this ſad ſtory has been always in my mind. I think that I hear inceſſantly the pariſh bells tolling, for the burial of my father, mother, brothers, and poor ſiſters. Can I then make merry, when my heart is overflowed with tears? and eat ſuch food as my afflicted parents cannot purchaſe? If I could, I ſhould no longer be Edward Barton. While my father is unhappy, in whatever corner of the earth I may be, nothing ſhall prevent me from enduring his affliction. If the king—

The Maſter. The king for certain knows not of your father's ſituation: if he did, he would have ſoftened it. I will uſe my intereſt to convey the knowledge of it to him; and do you rely upon his juſtice. My dear Edward, why not tell me this before? You might perhaps have ſpared your family ten days diſtreſs at leaſt.

Edward. You think then, ſir, that I ſhall become ſo happy as to ſave him at my years?

The Maſter. I hope ſo; and at leaſt, am certain that your behaviour has *relieved* him. Generous child! Why are you not indeed my ſon?

Edward. My love and gratitude conſider you my father. It is a debt that I owe to your generoſity, for wiſhing thus I were your ſon.

The Maſter, (looking at him with affection.) My dear ſon Edward!

Edward. Yes; I am, and will be ſo. You are the father too of all my family, if through your friendſhip they may be aſſiſted; but alas, ſir! we have been ſo long unhappy, it is not to be hoped—

The

The Maſter. Hoped! Edward? Should you doubt of what I tell you, it would be an inſult to me. I have told you that I was certain your behaviour had relieved your parents, ſince relief depends upon myſelf alone: and therefore, (*going to his bureau, and giving him a paper,*) 'till I have tried the effect of my intereſt, which is not inconſiderable, take this: it is a twenty pound bank note, and what your father gives you, as the firſt fruit of his love.

Edward, (*interrupting him.*) Give *me*; what need can *I* have for it? Send, oh ſend your generous preſent to my father! there it will be uſeful.

The Maſter. He ſhall know that he is indebted for it to your filial piety, and now therefore, my dear Edward, you will no longer live on bread and water!

Edward. Not till my poor father is reduced again to do ſo.

The Maſter. And, in future, you will be joyous with your comrades?

Edward. While my father is joyous with his wife and children.

The Maſter. Well then, run, and write your father an account of this tranſaction:

I will go dreſs myſelf, and inſtantly ſet off for London. I ſhall ſee a nobleman of conſiderable intereſt this very morning.

Edward. How ſhall I collect my ſpirits, to return you thanks in ſuch a manner as I ought, ſir?

The Maſter, (*ſmiling.*) Sir —It ſeems then you forget already that you are my ſon?

Edward, (*falling at his maſter's feet.*) O father! O! my dear, dear father! pardon me, if being, as I am, beſide myſelf—

The Maſter, (*raiſing Edward, and conducting him affectionately towards the door.*) Go, go, my child, and leave me here a little. I have no leſs occaſion to compoſe myſelf than you.

Edward. I will come back very ſhortly, with my letter. You muſt ſee it, ſo do not go, dear father, till I have once again embraced you!

The Maſter. No, my deareſt ſon; I will not deny myſelf that pleaſure. Run and write your letter: I will wait for you.

SCEN

SCENE VI.

The Maſter, (*alone.*) Fortunate occurrence! Oh happy day! What a number of affecting objects all at once preſent themſelves before me! A brave ſoldier, for whoſe ſervices I am about to procure a recompence! and his ſon, whom I may form into a man, and ſo contribute to the glory of my country! My Eugenius, who appears ſo ſenſible of the impreſſion made by virtue on his heart, and ſo worthy of the friend whom he has ſelected thus! My ſovereign, to whoſe notice I ſhall introduce a little hero, ſuch as his munificence may cheriſh! and a ſuffering wife and children, ſuch as his compaſſion may deliver from affliction.

SCENE VII.

The Maſter, the Aſſiſtant.

The Maſter. You are come, ſir, quite a-propos to ſhare my tranſports.

The Aſſiſtant. What has cauſed them, my good ſir? You are no leſs agitated than

young Edward, who ran by me wild, as one might think, with pleaſure; for he did not ſee me, did not ſeem as if he trod upon the ground. His eyes, as I looked at him, beamed with rapture, though the tears that he had been ſhedding were not quite dried up. I called out to him, but he could not hear me.

The Maſter. It would have charmed you, had you witneſſed what has paſſed between us. It was a moment, ſuch as does not twice occur in any one man's life.

The Aſſiſtant. Your hope then is not diſappointed. You have wrought upon him to reveal the cauſe of his affliction.

The Maſter. But what difficulty had I to obtain my wiſh! what pain it gave me to upbraid him! and how nobly he withſtood me! How much honour does even his diſobedience reflect upon him!

The Aſſiſtant. I foreſaw as much in general, though I could not clear up the particulars, to reaſon on them.

The Maſter. Who could poſſibly have gueſſed at the exceſs of his affection! he was prompted to deny his appetite at table, that he might not fare in the leaſt degree better

better than his parents. At ſo great a diſtance from them, he ſupported ſuch privations, though he knew that by doing ſo, he could not ſuccour them. What think you of ſo rare a youth? What think you of a father, who, ſurrounded by misfortunes, has been able thus to form his ſon to virtue? What exalted pleaſure for a monarch to reward ſuch virtue! I am proud, my friend, that I have it in my power to convey to his royal ear, intelligence of this poor youth, and his afflicted father's ſufferings and deſerts. There is but one thing elſe that would yield me greater ſatisfaction. I ſhould like to be in ſuch a ſituation, as to give him an account of all his meritorous ſubjects. I would ſo exalt his throne, that he ſhould then be able to look down on every virtuous man in his dominions, while theſe laſt, looking up, ſhould ſee him in the act of applauding and encouraging their virtue. Thus, without the wretched breath of adulation, might a king be really among his ſubjects called their god.

The Aſſiſtant. Our king is worthy of your ſolicitude, to intereſt him in behalf of Edward and his parents.

The Maſter. That is what I told him I would do; and how great was his gratitude? We called each other ſon and father, and, I verily believe, experienced the affection in our hearts, of ſuch affinity. But do not I hear ſomebody coming?—I believe it is he. Step therefore into this apartment: you will find Eugenius there; I ſhall ſoon require your preſence here again, if it be Edward. (*The Aſſiſtant withdraws, when Edward comes in ſight.*)

The Maſter, (*alone.*) Yes, it is he; and how affectingly expreſſive, even at this diſtance, is his whole countenance!

SCENE VIII.

The Maſter, Edward.

Edward, (*ruſhing to embrace his maſter.*) Father, dear, dear father! here is my letter.

The Maſter. It is not ſealed, as I obſerve, and therefore you would have me read it?

Edward. Would? It is every line about you.

The

The Maſter, (*reading.*) " Papa! mama! brothers and ſiſters! Come all of you together, while this letter is reading. Oh that I were preſent, and could read it you myſelf! but I *am* preſent, and obſerve you. Weep no longer, as, I truſt, you are no longer to ſubſiſt on bread and tears. There are on earth here, generous boſoms, as in heaven: of whom, the maſter of our academy, as I have found, is one. He is my father, let me call him ſo; or rather, the protecting angel of our family. Would you believe it! he has ſent you this, as from himſelf, and will ſolicit you a penſion, which he ſays he doubts not of obtaining for you! Fall upon your knees and bleſs him, as I do.—*The maſter ſtops, and ſeeing Edward on his knees, with hands and eyes toward heaven, affectionately raiſes him, and ſays,*) What means this, my ſon?

Edward. I am offering you my life: it is at your diſpoſal.

The Maſter. No, my deareſt Edward; keep it for the accompliſhment of worthy and illuſtrious actions. Mine is poſting faſt to its decay; but by your conduct, you may lengthen it.

Edward,

Edward, (*eagerly.*) I, father! Shall I ever be ſo happy?—Speak! Oh ſpeak, ſir; and inform me by what means I may experience ſo much heart-felt ſatisfaction.

The Maſter. By your friendſhip for my ſon. (*He opens the adjoining chamber door.*) Eugenius enter, and embrace your brother.

SCENE IX.

The Maſter, Edward, the Aſſiſtant, Eugenius. (*Edward and Eugenius ruſh into each other's arms.*)

The Maſter. Edward, he is worthy of your friendſhip: his affection for you went before his father's.

Edward. I could clearly ſee indeed that my ſufferings moved him.

Eugenius. You ſhall never ſuffer for the future, but myſelf will be a ſharer with you. Shall I not, dear Edward?

Edward, (*taking Eugenius by the hand, and preſenting it with his own to the maſter.*) Well then, my Eugenius, let us thus connect ourſelves as friends for ever, in the hands of our reſpectable and common father.

The

The Maſter. Yes, dear children: I approve your wiſhes, and beſtow my bleſſing on them. Let thoſe happy days return, as far as your example can have influence, when the field of combat was a theatre for friendſhip. When warriors united the moſt amiable private qualities to the moſt undaunted courage. Let Sidney and Wolfe be your model; ſerve your ſovereign with fidelity like theirs. Live, as they did, admired by all mankind, and, if neceſſary, die as they did, regretted, in the ſervice of your country.

THE

THE CONJURING BIRD.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

THE COUNTESS OF GLENALVON.
AUGUSTUS, } *her Children.*
JULIA, }
THE HON. MR. ODDLY, *a Nobleman's younger Son.*
ELIZA, *his Siſter.*
GABRIEL, }
LUCIUS, } *Friends of Julia & Auguſtus.*
SOPHIA, }
JENNY, } *Servants to the Counteſs.*
ROBERT, }

The SCENE *is in the country, at the Counteſs's, and in two rooms which open to the garden.*

SCENE I.

Jenny, (reckoning up the counters on a table.)

IT is all loſt labour to ſtand counting thus. I cannot make more than ninety-four; and yet there ſhould be an hundred. Well,

Cook fe

The Conjuring Bird

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 MAR 67

Well, I think, there never was a houſe like ours for hare-brained children; for wherever they once put their foot, one may be ſure, they will jumble every thing together, if they do not loſe ſomething or another. I muſt look about for them in every corner of the chamber.

SCENE II.

The Counteſs, Jenny.

The Counteſs. You ſeem uneaſy, Jenny. What are you ſeeking?

Jenny. Your ladyſhip's beſt counters.

The Counteſs. Do not you ſee them on the table?

Jenny. Yes, my lady; but the number is not complete.

The Counteſs. That ſhould not be.

Jenny. That ſhould not be, indeed; and yet there are no leſs than half a dozen wanting. Were there not an hundred?

The Counteſs. Yes; you know it as well as I.

Jenny. Well then, there are but ninety-four.

The Counteſs, (after having counted them.) There are indeed no more; and yet laſt night the number was complete. I put them up myſelf, when we had finiſhed playing. But what cauſed you to come now, and count them up?

Jenny. Becauſe, as I paſſed by the door, I ſaw that the children had been playing with them.

The Counteſs. Yet I abſolutely ordered that they ſhould not be touched. They have ivory ones to play with: who could give them theſe?

Jenny. Themſelves.

The Counteſs. Themſelves! Where are they?

Jenny. In the garden, madam, with their little company.

The Counteſs. Fetch Julia here.—But ſtay, have none been here but Julia and Auguſtus?

Jenny. Yes, their friends: and who can tell—

The Counteſs. What, Jenny! can you poſſibly ſuſpect—

Jenny. I will anſwer for your children, pleaſe

pleaſe your ladyſhip, and likewiſe the three young Davenports, as if they were myſelf.

The Counteſs. And not the others?

Jenny. I do not know them well enough.

The Counteſs. What, Jenny, two ſuch children as the Hon. Mr. Oddly and his ſiſter?

Jenny. If your ladyſhip thinks fit, I'll call Miſs Julia in: but here ſhe comes.

SCENE III.

The Counteſs, Jenny, Julia.

The Counteſs, (to Julia coming in.) Who told you, miſs, to uſe my ſilver counters? Did not I forbid you to meddle with them?

Julia. It was not my fault, mama.

The Counteſs. And whoſe then, pray?

Julia. Mr. Oddly's and his ſiſter's. I had got the ivory counters, when they aſked me if I meant to play with them, as they never had ſuch at home, and muſt have better; upon which they opened all the drawers and cloſets till they met with theſe.

The Counteſs. Why did not you mention that I would never let *you* uſe them?

Julia.

Julia. Good! as if they would hear me! I believe they would have beat us, had we not ſurrendered them.

Jenny. Upon my word! Theſe children, as it ſeems, are charmingly brought up!

The Counteſs. You ſhould at leaſt have counted them when you left off playing.

Julia. That was what I wiſhed to do. But after I had got to twenty-four, or thereabouts, Mr. Oddly ſnatched them from me, put them up pell-mell, and dragged us out into the garden with him.

The Counteſs. Do you know that ſix are miſſing?

Julia. Sure, mama?

The Counteſs. How! ſure! when I have told you! See now whether one can truſt you in the leaſt! You know, it was your duty to take care of them.

Julia. I was confounded, dear mama; theſe children are ſo miſchievous! I was obliged to have my eye continually on them, as I thought they would have broke your china. I was obliged frequently to follow them about the room: they may have flung the counters, then, into ſome corner or another.

The Counteſs. Well, but I muſt have them found.

Jenny. I know but one way, madam. Were I you, I would turn the little maſters pockets inſide out before they left the houſe.

The Counteſs. Fie, Jenny! would you have me affront their parents?

Julia. Oh! I am ſure, mama, not one among them can have ſtolen the counters.

The Counteſs. So I think; but children of their age may be a little giddy-headed. So go to them, Julia, and politely aſk if any one among them may not, by miſtake, have put them up into his pocket. Your commiſſion is a nice one, and requires a little management. Take care not to offend them, by inſinuating that you think any one of the company capable of taking them purpoſely.

Julia. I ſhall take care, mama.

The Counteſs. Accuſe yourſelf of negligence, and tell them that I ſhall blame you, if they are not ſoon found.

Julia. I underſtand you.

The Counteſs. And bid Robert, as you paſs, come here.

Julia. I will, mama.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Counteſs, Jenny.

Jenny, (*who has been employed in looking round the room.*) I will anſwer for it, they are not here: there is not a corner but I have ſearched.

The Counteſs. This ſhould not have happened in my houſe. I dread, yet long to know, by what means they have vaniſhed.

SCENE V.

The Counteſs, Jenny, Robert.

Robert. Here I am, my lady: what is your pleaſure?

The Counteſs. To inform you, Robert, that I have loſt ſince yeſterday ſix counters.

Robert. Does your ladyſhip ſuſpect me of taking them?

The Counteſs. God forbid! I am too well acquainted with your honeſty for that. But I ſuppoſe, if you had croſſed the room, you might have ſeen them on ſome chair or elſewhere.

Robert.

Robert. Counters on a chair?

The Counteſs. I know, that is not a proper place for counters; but the children have been playing where they were, and might have inconſiderately left them in ſome corner, and you ſeen them.

Robert. No, my lady, I have not.

The Counteſs. I am ſorry for it, and do not know what method to purſue. They muſt have certainly been loſt ſince morning, as I counted them myſelf laſt night.—But look about.

Jenny. Your ladyſhip has ſeen how I have been ſearching for them. Servants are but badly off, when any thing is loſt about a houſe. However honeſt they may be, they are conſtantly ſuſpected.

The Counteſs. Very likely; but the honeſt ſervant will, on this occaſion, pardon me, if I include her in my ſearch of the diſhoneſt.

Robert. You may firſt of all examine me, my lady. Rogues are conſtantly the firſt to be diſpleaſed when they are ſuſpected.

Jenny. God be thanked, I have no fear of that ſort! But it cannot be a matter of indif-

indifference to the honeſt ſervant, when a thief is in the houſe.

The Counteſs. But put yourſelf into my place; what would you do? Think, Robert.

Robert. Do, my lady?—A thought this moment ſtrikes me; and provided I have leave to put it into execution, I will engage to find the counters.

The Counteſs. But you muſt not think of giving any one occaſion to ſuppoſe himſelf ſuſpected.—What is your deſign?

Robert. I cannot at preſent tell your ladyſhip. A ſingle ſyllable might ſpoil the buſineſs. Do but bring together all the children in the adjoining room. I promiſe you, the thief, if there is any thief among them, ſhall betray himſelf.

The Counteſs. I cannot tell whether I ſhould let—

Robert. You may truſt me, madam. Be aſſured that no one but the guilty perſon ſhall have reaſon to complain; and him, I dare believe, you would not wiſh to ſpare.

The Counteſs. Well, Robert, as I know your prudence, I rely upon it.

Robert. Good! my lady. Therefore I will

will go and begin conjuring. Do not be afraid, it is quite ſimple.

SCENE VI.

The Counteſs, Jenny.

Jenny. My lady—did not he ſay ſomething about conjuring? But that I know myſelf innocent, I ſhould be frightened out of my wits.

The Counteſs. Peace, ſimpleton!

SCENE VII.

The Counteſs, Jenny, Auguſtus.

The Counteſs. What now, Auguſtus? You ſeem big with ſomething or another! Have you brought the counters with you?

Auguſtus. No, mama: I have only learned that ſix are loſt. My ſiſter told us ſo juſt this moment.

The Counteſs. And how was the intelligence received?

Auguſtus. We were exceedingly ſurpriſed. The two Davenports particularly, and their ſiſter, want to come and plead their innocence before you.

The Counteſs. Plead! they are the laſt that I ſhould ſuſpect of ſuch a deed. And Mr. Oddly—

Auguſtus. Oh! he is furious; and told Julia, that to look upon him as a thief, was but a bad reception.

The Counteſs. Julia was not rude, I hope, in telling them my meſſage.

Auguſtus. No, mama, quite otherwiſe. She ſpoke with great politeneſs.

The Counteſs. Then pray why was Mr. Oddly angry? There was nothing perſonal in what your ſiſter ſaid.

Auguſtus. I cannot well tell the reaſon; but Eliza drew him privately aſide: he would not condeſcend to hear her. He is determined to be gone: his hat is fortunately here; he will come and fetch it, and declares that he will not remain a minute in the houſe. He threatens to complain to his papa.

The Counteſs. Poſitively he muſt not go. I will tell his lordſhip the whole affair myſelf, when he comes to take him home.

Auguſtus. The reſt wiſh greatly for permiſſion to appear and juſtify themſelves before you.

The Counteſs. There is no need of that. I only wiſhed to know if they could give me any information of the counters. They are all of them ſo well brought up, I could not venture to accuſe them of a theft. But I am well acquainted with the whims of children. They will ſee every thing, and finger every thing; and, from a want of thought, might eaſily have put a thing into their pocket, without any criminal intention.

Auguſtus. Certainly they might, mama; as I did, you remember, when I took my ſiſter's purſe up by miſtake, and would have carried it away.

The Counteſs. But ſoftly! here they are. Go, Jenny, and enquire if Robert is preparing matters. (*Jenny goes out.*)

SCENE VIII.

The Counteſs, Auguſtus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

The Counteſs. Well, how fares it with you all, my little friends? I am glad to ſee you here.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Miſs Julia has juſt now informed us, that your ladyſhip has loſt ſix counters of the number with which unluckily we were playing. I am ſorry for it; but could never think that your ladyſhip would have ſuſpected any one of us of having taken them. At leaſt I can aſſure you, for my ſiſter and myſelf, that we know nothing of them.

The Counteſs. God forbid that I ſhould ſuſpect ſuch well-bred children, as I look upon you all to be. Sure Julia did not tell you that I ſuppoſed you to have the counters?

Eliza. No, my lady; all that ſhe ſaid, was to enquire if we had brought them out through inattention, or to play a little longer with them in the garden.

The Counteſs. Which you might very innocently have done. It is ſhe alone that I blame in the affair, becauſe ſhe did not let you have *her* counters.

Gabriel. She deſigned, I think, to uſe them.

Lucius. I ſhould never dare to ſhew my face again, if I had taken ſo much as a pin.

Sophia,

Sophia, (*emptying her pockets.*) See, my my lady, I have nothing here: and there are no more pockets to my ſlip.

The Counteſs. My dear children, I have already told you that I am far from ſuſpecting any of you to have them, when you ſay that you have not. They are certainly of no great value; yet I cannot but confeſs, that their loſs affects me.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Were they only worth a ſtraw, they are your ladyſhip's, and ſhould not now be miſſing. But you know, there are ſuch things as ſervants; and they are not always very honeſt. It is not the firſt time that we have ſuſpected them at home.

Julia. But it is the firſt time that any thing of the kind has happened in our houſe, dear Mr. Oddly, I aſſure you.

Auguſtus. I would anſwer for our ſervants, men and women.

The Counteſs. I have truſted them this long time; but if you, ſir, (*to the Hon. Mr. Oddly,*) have made any obſervations, I requeſt you to let me know them.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. O, no, no!—But

when we went into the garden, did not—what is her name—the houſemaid enter?

The Counteſs. Jenny! Oh! I do not fear her. Theſe ſix years paſt that I have had her, ſhe might eaſily have made away with things of value, had ſhe been diſhoneſt.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Did not your old footman come in likewiſe? I do not like his looks; and ſhould not chuſe to meet him in a lane at night.

The Counteſs. Fie, ſir! what makes you thus ſuſpect the honeſt Robert? He was my father-in-law's confidential ſervant, and has been much longer in the family than even I myſelf. If *he* could poſſibly turn pilferer, neither you nor I could know what living creature we might truſt.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. It is not unlikely then, but ſome one may have got into the room when we were gone.

The Counteſs. That is not at all unlikely; and I am going to enquire. Amuſe yourſelves till I come back.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. No, madam; after what has paſſed, I cannot ſtay longer here. Auguſtus, can you tell me where they have put my hat?

Auguſtus.

Auguſtus. It is taken to be bruſhed; you will have it brought you.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I muſt have it inſtantly.

Eliza. But won't you ſtay a little for papa? You know, he means to come and fetch us.

The Counteſs. I cannot poſſibly let you go home on foot. You would have upwards of three miles to walk. Stay here till I return: I will not detain you long.

SCENE IX.

Auguſtus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I am very much aſtoniſhed that your mama ſhould have ſuch thoughts of us! We ſteal her counters!

Julia. Sir, ſhe never had ſuch a thought. She might have fancied that we had put them, without thought, into our pockets. I might as eaſily have taken them in this way, as yourſelf, or any other: but to *ſteal!* ſhe did not mention the word, or any like it.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Had there been none here but tradeſmen's children, ſhe might well have entertained ſuſpicions; but ſhe ſhould make ſome difference now.

Gabriel. You ſpeak of us, ſir, I can ſee: your looks inform me ſo. But let me tell you, in my turn, that it is one's manners and principles, and not birth, that makes one truly noble.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. How theſe tradeſmen talk about their manners! You are very happy that there are ſo few children hereabout, and that Auguſtus and myſelf are forced to make you our companions, or have no diverſion. Did you live in London, you would not have ſuch an honour, notwithſtanding your fine manners.

Auguſtus. Speak, ſir, for yourſelf alone; for juſt as here, in London too, I ſhould be proud to entertain my little friends.

Julia. Yes, certainly. They give us, to the full, as good examples as ſuch whipper-ſnapper noblemen as you.

Eliza. This, brother, you have deſerved. Why attack them firſt?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. And you, too, upon me? You think certainly as I do, though you

you will not confeſs it. Have you forgot mama's inſtruction on the ſubject of familiarity with thoſe beneath us? "Never mix with tradeſmen's children: in the lower ranks of life, you will always have low thoughts."

Auguſtus. And can you poſſibly ſuſpect that my friends are capable of being thieves?

Gabriel. Did we approach the table?

Sophia. No: whereas we ſaw you take the counters, and look at them I ſuppoſe half a dozen times. (*The Hon. Mr. Oddly attempts to ſtrike her. Auguſtus and Gabriel hold his hand.*)

Auguſtus. Softly! You will have to deal with me elſe.

Gabriel. No, no, my friend. I thank you, but I can take care of my ſiſter. Let him even threaten her. I am not a bit more frightened at his ſize than his title.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Oh! it is far beneath me to diſpute with traders.

Julia. Very well: I hope then it is beneath you likewiſe to attack a little girl.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I ſhall not permit her to inſult me.

Eliza. She would certainly have done much better, had ſhe held her tongue.

Julia. But being ſuch a child, ſhe might be pardoned: and particularly when ſhe ſpoke the truth.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. The truth? What do you mean by that?

Gabriel. She ſaid, that you took the counters and looked at them: that is all. Did ſhe ſay any more? And this certainly was true.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I ſhan't even condeſcend to anſwer.

Gabriel. You cannot take a better reſolution, when you have nothing but ſuch anſwers for us.

SCENE X.

Auguſtus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia, the Counteſs.

The Counteſs. What is the meaning of all this? I will not have any quarrels here!

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. My lady, I expect, you will do me juſtice on theſe little folks!

The Counteſs. Folks! folks! who are they? I am not accuſtomed to have ſuch as viſit here called ſo.

Auguſtus.

Auguſtus. He is angry, becauſe we were not in a humour to endure his airs.

Julia. He thought he ſhould have had a company of dukes at leaſt for play-fellows.

Gabriel. And imagines that we ſhould be ſuſpected of this theft, much rather than a nobleman.

Lucius. As if we had not a character to keep, as well as he has!

Sophia. Ay, and would have beat me, had not Gabriel taught him better.

The Counteſs. Why, ſure! it is not poſſible!

Eliza. To ſay the truth, my brother is too haſty.

The Counteſs. Vivacity becomes his age very well; but we ſhould not be proud, quarrelſome, or raſh. Oh! here is Robert.

SCENE XI.

The Counteſs, Auguſtus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia, Robert (carrying a baſket covered with a napkin.)

Robert. There is no more to be ſaid, my lady. Every body in this houſe is inno-

cent, as ſure as my name is Robert; but however, for the ſatisfaction of the company, I will introduce my cock, who, you muſt know beforehand, is a conjurer. (*Putting down the baſket on the table.*)

Sophia, (*jumping for joy.*) O, a cock! a cock!

Robert. Yes, nothing more; for look you! (*He lifts up a napkin in the baſket, ſo that Sophia and the reſt diſcern the creature's neck and creſt.*) Juſt like others, ſaving that my cock has not his equal in the world for knowledge: why, he will tell me things which no other perſon poſſibly can know. If a ſingle ſtraw, and nothing elſe, is miſſing, I need only run and have a conſultation with him: he will be ſure to know who ſtole it.

Julia. You can then find out our counters, can you?

Robert, Can I? Why laſt Chriſtmas, at the alehouſe, I had loſt my pipe; ſo what did I do, but away and fetched my cock, who let me know that the groom had got it: and I think, you recollect, he broke his leg about a fortnight after.

Sophia. He can talk then?

Robert.

Robert. Yes, like other cocks: *Cock, cock-a-doodle-doo.* On which, I underſtand him juſt as if it were you that ſpoke to me.

Julia. Yet you never told us this before,

Robert. Becauſe we never yet loſt any thing.

The Counteſs. Well, now, a truce to all this converſation, and begin.

Robert. Not quite ſo faſt, my lady. I muſt perform my conjuring in the dark.

The Counteſs. A very eaſy matter. You need only cloſe the ſhutters.

Julia. I will go out and puſh them to.

The Counteſs. You are much too ſhort: you cannot reach them. Robert will do that himſelf.

Robert. Yes, madam. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE XII.

The Counteſs, Auguſtus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

Auguſtus, (*with the reſt, excepting the Hon. Mr. Oddly, who appears embarraſſed, lifting up the napkin.*) This ſame cock ſeems ſupernatural,

natural, I fancy. (*Looking at him earneſtly.*) How his eyes ſhine!

Julia. And his comb, how red it looks! my patience! how it ſhakes upon his head!

Sophia. Do you imagine, then, that it has ſo much knowledge as Robert ſays?

Lucius. Papa has often told us, what we ought to think of ſuch ſtrange ſtories.

Gabriel. Robert is a cunning ſportſman, and I am ſure can make birds hold their tongue, much better with his fowling piece, than teach a cock to talk by virtue of his wand.

Eliza. Who knows! my governeſs has told me many wond'rous things of conjuration, and all that.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I wonder, ſiſter, you can liſten to ſuch ſtories!

The Counteſs. I am glad you have theſe notions of the matter, and ſhould like to laugh at Robert for his folly. What ſimplicity! a cock diſcover thieves!

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (*forcing a ſmile.*) I fancy we ſhall have a deal of laughing very ſhortly. (*The ſhutters are cloſed all at once.*) But why put the ſhutters too? (*with uneaſineſs.*) I do not love darkneſs.

Julia,

Julia. If the cock cannot ſee, he will never find the thief out.—Will he, pray, mama?

The Counteſs. Well aſked: for I cannot tell you.

Sophia. I ſhould like, if I knew how, to make him ſpeak. Come pretty little cock, ſay ſomething.—See how dark it is.—Look out a little.—He does not ſpeak a word!

Julia. The reaſon is, I ſuppoſe, he will obey his maſter only. (*Robert comes in again.*)

SCENE XIII.

The Counteſs, Auguſtus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia, Robert.

The Counteſs. Well, you are ſatisfied now, Robert, ſince you have thus ſhut out the day-light?

Robert. Yes, my lady; every thing is as it ſhould be. And ſo now, let thoſe remain that have not ſtolen the counters, but if any one is guilty, let that one go out.—What all remain!

The

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. How cunning!

Robert. I ſee clearly then that I muſt employ my art. (*He waves his hand, and draws a circle on the floor; pronouncing ſomething unintelligible.*)

That's well! So now, my cock, take heed;
And tell us, who are rogues indeed.

Come now my little gentlemen and ladies, and let every one of you in turn, lift up the napkin here, and with his right hand, do you ſee, ſtroke Chanticleer upon the back. You will hear his muſic, when the thief once puts his hand upon him: but do not lift the cloth too high; juſt high enough to let your hand paſs under it.

So now, my pretty cock, take heed;
And tell us who are rogues indeed.

Well! what will none of you begin?

The Counteſs. What, every one afraid? Why, one would think you all guilty, at this rate!

Sophia. I am the youngeſt, but I will ſet the example. (*She lifts up the cloth, and ſtrokes the cock twice over in the baſket.*) Do you ſee, the cock does not ſpeak. It is not I that have ſtolen the counters.

Robert.

Robert. Very well. Stand now in this place, with your hand behind you.—Is it ſo?

Sophia. Feel, feel.

Robert. That is right. Now you, ſir. (*To Auguſtus.*)

Auguſtus. Oh! I fear as little as Miſs Sophia —There.—He has not ſpoke.—Muſt I too hold my hand behind me?

Robert. Certainly; and every one.—Come here, by this young lady.—Well, another.

Julia. I will go next.—(*She ſtrokes him.*) If he had ſaid a word, he would have been a ſtory-teller.—

Robert. By your brother here. Who is next?

Eliza. It is my turn now. (*She ſtrokes him.*) As mute as any mackerel.—Yet I ſtroked him four times over.

Robert. Are your right hands all behind you? Do not forget that part.

Gabriel, (*to the Hon. Mr. Oddly.*) I will follow you.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. As if I would have to do with ſuch child's play!

The Counteſs. You would not ſurely ſpoil our ſport. A little complaiſance, pray, Mr. Oddly.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. If that is all, I have no objection.—(*He puts his hand under the cloth.*) There—I do not find he has ſpoke for me, though I have ſtroked him more than others.

Robert. Here, ſir, with the reſt; and keep your hand behind you.

Sophia. There are none now, but my brothers left, that have not ſtroked him. It is one of them!—Oh, no; I do not think ſo. (*Gabriel and Lucius imitate the others; upon which, the children all burſt out a laughing.*)

Lucius. And where is the thief?—Why no where.

The Counteſs. Robert, you ſhould ſend your cock to Norwood; he is not cunning enough: and all this while my counters are not found.

Robert. I muſt acknowledge, this confounds me.—For a little while, however, patience; and do not ſtir.—Stand ſtill, I ſay.—They are juſt like ſo much quick-ſilver!—My circle, as I think, muſt be imperfect. I will go fetch a candle, and examine. I pray your ladyſhip, let no one quit his place.

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

The Counteſs, Auguſtus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I knew before-hand, how all this would end.—Stupid nonſenſe!

Sophia. Why, this cock is no wiſer than his maſter.

Eliza. Truly, I am glad to ſee him caught.

Julia. And what does he deſign to do, when he has brought a light?

The Counteſs. He will ſhew us.

Sophia. I ſhould like to ſee the cock now.—He will ſcarce hold his head up, I ſuppoſe, for ſhame.

SCENE XV.

The Counteſs, Auguſtus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia, Robert.

Robert, (*returning with a light, and going up to Sophia.*) Come, let me ſee your little hand.

hand. (*She holds him out the left.*) Not this, but that behind you. Good!

Sophia, looking at her hand, and crying out.) Oh, what a hand I have! as black as any coal! And will it always be ſo?

Robert. Do not be frightened, little miſs! I will ſpeak about it to my cock, and you ſhall have both hands as white as ſnow.—(*The children have not patience, but look all together at their hands, and inſtantly cry out at once.*)

Auguſtus. How black my fingers are too!

Julia. And mine likewiſe! What does Robert mean by this?

Eliza. I would twiſt the creature's neck off, if I had him.

Gabriel. Fegs; my wriſtbands are come in for a little of it!

Lucius. It is as if my hand were painted?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (*lifting up his hand in triumph.*) But ſee mine! There is none of the company that has a hand fit to look at, except me.

Robert, (*taking hold of the Hon. Mr. Oddly by the collar.*) Very likely! Then, ſir, you have ſtole the counters.—Give them up, young gentleman, this inſtant, or I will ſearch

ſearch your pockets, and then blacken you all over!

Eliza. Blacken him! O, brother! if you have got the counters, give them up this moment.

The Counteſs. Take care, Robert, what you ſay!

Robert. I am ſure, he has them. So, quit the counters, or expect to have a countenance as grimy as the blackeſt negro's.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (*turning pale, and trembling.*) Is it poſſible that I ſhould have put them in my pocket, and not thought of what I was about? (*He feels about him.*) I recollect, indeed, I had them in my hand. (*He ſeems ſurpriſed at finding them thruſt down into a corner of his waiſtcoat pocket.*) Dear me! they are here indeed! Who would have thought it? (*All the children look at one another with ſurpriſe, while the Hon. Mr. Oddly ſtands confounded.*)

The Counteſs. Robert! (*he approaches*) take away your cock and candle, and go open us the ſhutters. Take care (*in a whiſper*) not to tell your fellow-ſervants how you found the counters. Say that they were

were thruſt a great way back into the table-drawer.

Robert. I will, my lady. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE XVI.

The Counteſs, Auguſtus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

The Counteſs. Go, my little friends, into the other room: you will find water there to waſh your hands. Take care, and do not ſplaſh one another's clothes.

Sophia. No, no:—but if this black ſhould not come off?

The Counteſs. It is nothing but a little ivory black, and water will remove it. You, ſir, (*to the Hon. Mr. Oddly,*) as your hands are clean, may ſtay with me.

SCENE XVII.

The Counteſs, the Hon. Mr. Oddly.

The Counteſs. Well then, my haughty little gentleman! and is it poſſible you could be guilty of ſo ſcandalous an action? You, that

that ſcarce a quarter of an hour ago looked down with ſo much ſcorn upon the children of a reputable worthy tradeſman, and ſuppoſed your quality diſgraced by being in their company. They have at preſent their revenge, ſince they may call you, and with juſtice, a vile thief!

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Pray pardon me, my lady!—I was playing with the counters—and without conſidering at the moment, muſt have put them into my pocket. I have no other method of accounting for their being found upon me.

The Counteſs. Pitiful excuſe! that aggravates your fault! At ſuch a tender age as yours, could I have poſſibly imagined one with ſo much front?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Believe me, madam, I had certainly no bad deſign!—I took them without meaning ſo to do, and afterwards concealed the matter, from my dread of being taken for a thief.

The Counteſs. But after I had bid my daughter make enquiry for them with ſuch delicacy, you might eaſily have ſeemed to ſearch your pockets, and reſtored them without bluſhing. Your proceeding would

have

have then been looked upon as nothing but an inadvertency.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I did not think of that, my lady.

The Counteſs. What then did you think, when you durſt drop hints that poſſibly my honeſt ſervants might have taken them? or that my children's little friends were objects of ſuſpicion? What were your ideas, when you made believe to ſtroke the cock?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. But, madam, I *did* ſtroke him.

The Counteſs. Hold your tongue, you little raſcal!—for that name is not too bad for your deſervings. Happily, as yet, you have not got ſufficient cunning to conceal your wicked actions. *You did ſtroke the cock!* Is that then your aſſertion? Do not you ſee, that if you had, you would have blacked your hands as well as all the others, Robert having ſmeared him over with a certain compoſition? Your companions were not in the leaſt afraid to ſtroke him, as their conſciences did not any way reproach them for the theft; but as for you, the apprehenſion leſt the ſervant's artifice might really be conjuration, awed you, and the means

means that you choſe to avoid detection have betrayed you. Oh! how politic you thought yourſelf, I warrant, in pretending only, as you did, to ſtroke the cock; but honeſty you would have found much better policy. You deſerve that I ſhould tell my lord, your father, of your laudable behaviour, when he comes to fetch you.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (*falling on his knees.*) Oh, no! Pray, my lady, I beſeech you! He would beat me: he would tread me under foot.

The Counteſs. And it would be better that he ſhould do ſo, than bring up a monſter to diſgrace him at ſome future period; for of what hereafter will you not be capable, ſince in the ſeaſon of your infancy, as I may call it, you can perpetrate ſo great a crime?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Ah! madam, pardon me for pity's ſake, and never——

The Counteſs. Doubtleſs you have often made theſe promiſes to others; for this hardly is your firſt tranſgreſſion. Every circumſtance confirms it. So much falſity and impudence—

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Then hear me, my good lady! If you ever hear, in future, that

I make free with any thing whatſoever that is not mine—

The Counteſs. Inform me, in the firſt place, what did you intend to do with theſe ſix counters? You could hardly think that you would have any opportunity of uſing them, but they muſt inſtantly be known. You meant to ſell them, then, for money?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. No, believe me! I was pleaſed with looking at them. I ſuppoſed that no one would remember having ſeen them elſewhere, and on that account ſecreted them, my lady.

The Counteſs. And how could you deſire to have another's property? Confeſs! Is this your firſt offence?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (hiding his face.) No, no indeed, my lady. I have often been a thief at home; but never having been ſuſpected there, I hoped to have the ſame good fortune here.

The Counteſs. A very wicked ſort of reaſoning this! For, granting that no one upon earth ſuſpected you, do not you know that God ſees and puniſhes whatever people do amiſs? Perhaps, however, this event is for your benefit; and you will prove more likely

likely to amend, when you have once been puniſhed as you merit.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Let it be by you, my lady, or by any one, but not by my papa. Let him know nothing of the matter, I conjure you. Tell it, if you pleaſe, to my mama, but keep the matter from his knowledge.

The Counteſs. There again! You would not have your father know it, as you fear the blows that he might beſtow upon you. Thus, it is nothing but an abjectneſs that guides you, even in the work of your repentance; and it is not for his peace of mind that you would conceal it from him, for you are not afraid leſt your mama ſhould know it, becauſe ſhe would not beat you. It is not your idea to conſult her peace of mind.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Then tell it my preceptor.

The Counteſs. I am ſenſible, indeed, how much the knowledge of your fault would mortally afflict your parents, and from that conſideration, not upon your own account, conſent to ſpare you; but on this condition, that you come with your preceptor hither,

and before him let me have your ſolemn promiſe of amendment. I will requeſt him to keep watch upon your conduct; but if ever you ſhould break your word, I will not only mention this adventure of the counters to his lordſhip, but let every body elſe know it.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I conſent you ſhould do ſo, my lady.

The Counteſs. You might think that, after this, I ſhould forbid your keeping company with Julia and Auguſtus; but I have at heart your reformation, and will judge thereof myſelf. You may continue therefore coming here.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. But how ſhall I dare to face your ſervants?

The Counteſs. You have nothing to fear upon that account, for I have had more care and forethought for your reputation than yourſelf, by telling Robert not to ſpeak about it in the kitchen; and to hide your lie, have been compelled to one myſelf, that they might not ſuppoſe you guilty.

Mr. Oddly. Ah! my lady, how much am I indebted to your bounty! I ſhall never forget the ſervice that you have done me.

But

But your children?—and the little company now with them?

The Counteſs. I am well acquainted with their goodneſs, and am ſure that they will forgive you. Call them. (*Mr. Oddly, with a downcaſt look, goes ſlowly towards the door, and bids them enter.*)

SCENE XVIII.

The Counteſs, Mr. Oddly, Auguſtus, Julia, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

Eliza. Go, ſir, you are a diſgrace to me; I will never call you brother again.

The Counteſs. No, my dear Eliza, he is not ſo guilty as you think him. He has told me every thing. It was to play a little with the counters out of doors that he took them; but when once the matter ſeemed conſidered as a theft, he was terrified at the idea of incurring my ſuſpicion. This apparent guilt has ſprung from a miſtaken ſhame, which I am very willing to excuſe; but not (*looking at the little Davenports*) his ſcandalous endeavours to make you, my little dears, ſeem guilty.

Gabriel.

Gabriel. Oh! my lady, we do not wiſh him any harm at preſent for it, as we know that we ſhould forgive even ſuch as wrong us, and particularly when we ſee them unhappy.

The Counteſs. Do you mark that, Mr. Oddly? Such a conduct ought to ſhew you how much nobler it is to have an elevated way of thinking, than to boaſt an elevated birth. You find yourſelf entirely at the mercy even of thoſe whom you have inſulted; and, with all the boaſt of your nobility, you are the object of their pity.

Mr. Oddly. Oh, what ſhame! but I ſubmit to undergo it.

Gabriel. We will never introduce again the mention of this matter. It ſhall be a ſecret for the time to come between us; ſhan't it, brother?

Lucius. Yes, he may rely upon my ſilence.

Gabriel. And you, ſiſter?

Sophia. I will not have him beat. I know what pain it gives one. (*Mr. Oddly, in the tranſports of his gratitude, embraces them.*)

Mr. Oddly. I deſire, but dare not aſk, to be acquainted with you for the future.

Gabriel.

Gabriel. It will be doing us an honour, if you will ſtill continue upon terms of friendſhip with us.

Auguſtus and Julia. And, for our part, we ſhall be no leſs delighted with your company, as long as you regard our friends.

Eliza. You are all of you too good. He does not merit ſuch indulgence, and papa muſt be informed of every thing.

The Counteſs. You will loſe my friendſhip and eſteem entirely, I muſt tell you, Miſs Eliza, could you poſſibly be unaffected with your brother's laudable repentance, when even ſtrangers overlook his error. Do not employ the advantage that his offence affords you, to undo him in his parents' good opinion; but, for the future, let your counſel ſhew him how to act, that he may merit their affection. I dare anſwer, you need never be aſhamed of any action of his hereafter.

Mr. Oddly. I ſhould be unworthy of ſuch bounty, if this leſſon could be blotted out from my remembrance.

Sophia. Take due care it be not, or *Beware of the conjuring Bird.*

THE LITTLE PRISONER.

LETTER I.

From Dorothea Juſtamond to Honoria Clancy.

My dear Honoria,

YOU would never gueſs what has lately happened to my brother, to that upright and reſpected Daniel, whoſe good heart and prudent conduct made all his friends that were ſo happy as to be of his acquaintance! You remember, I ſuppoſe, the purſe that mama preſented him when you were by, with three new guineas in it. Well, thoſe three new guineas with the purſe are gone, and to increaſe your wonder, the poor boy will not, or cannot tell which way. As it is ſuppoſed that he makes a ſecret of it from a principle of obſtinacy, he was ſhut up in a little room this morning, where he is not to be viſited by any one, and whence he muſt not hope to be delivered but by making known the whole affair. How ſincerely I lament him, ſuffering this ſeverity of puniſhment! He has

has never been hitherto conſidered of an obſtinate or headſtrong diſpoſition. On the contrary, he has been always commended for his docility and frankneſs. I would willingly have pleaded in his favour, but could not obtain a hearing. Nevertheleſs, I am very ſure, he has not to reproach himſelf with any crime or meanneſs. Come this afternoon and ſee me, if you have your liberty. You may, in that caſe, comfort me in my dejected ſituation. The misfortune of my brother hurts me no leſs than it would do, had it happened to myſelf. Adieu! I am, in expectation of your viſit or reply,

Dear Honoria,

Your faithful and ſincere

DOROTHEA.

LETTER II.

From Honoria Clancy to Dorothea Juſtamond.

My dear Dorothea,

I CANNOT but confeſs that I entertain ſome pity for your *upright* and *reſpected*

Daniel; but ſo little, that he need not greatly tax his grateful nature to repay me. I could never pardon him for always finding ſomething or another to advance againſt me. Not that he has ever gone ſo far as publicly to tell his notions of me. If he had, I ſhould have known very well how to anſwer him: but it is an eaſy matter, by his looks, to be convinced he thinks me trifling, vain, capricious, and I know not what beſide. Whenever I have been cenſuring other people's imperfections in their abſence, for the inſtruction of my friends, to hear his manner of defending them, one would imagine I were only venting ſlander. Well, at preſent then, my little judge himſelf is under condemnation; and indeed he muſt be highly guilty, ſince his very parents have forgotten all the ſilly fondneſs that they had for him. I am charmed that they have come to know him at laſt; and would lay a wager that he deſerves much greater puniſhment than he receives. Obſtinacy is a very frightful vice alone; but in addition, he is an awkward ſpendthrift. All the money that he can fiſh out of his father, he diſperſes fooliſhly among a tribe of ragamuffins,

muffins, and has never had the ſpirit to employ it in a manner honourable to himſelf. If he had ſpent thoſe guineas in ſilk ſtockings, faſhionable buckles, or the like, one might excuſe him. Did I ſay excuſe him? one might certainly applaud his judgment in that caſe. However, as I ſaid before, I pity him a little, being, as he is, your brother; but Dorothea, you I pity moſt ſincerely, being, as you are, his ſiſter. I cannot poſſibly wait upon you this evening, it is ſuch charming weather for a walk: and then I have the prettieſt dreſs that ever you ſaw juſt come home, which I muſt certainly put on. Adieu, and think me always,

Your ſincereſt,

HONORIA.

LETTER III.

From Dorothea Juſtamond to Honoria Clancy.

Miſs,

I AM as penetrated as I ought to be with the avowal made me in your laſt, of that ſincere friendſhip which it profeſſes. I

ſhould only have been glad, if it had wrought upon you to expreſs yourſelf a little more reſpectfully concerning the affection of my parents in behalf of Daniel, and to ſpeak with more conſideration of this laſt, particularly now that he is ſo unhappy. I admit not your condolence for my misfortune, as you intimate, in being ſiſter to the priſoner: I conſider it my pride and glory, and perſuade myſelf, you will acknowledge that I have reaſon ſo to do, when you have peruſed a letter that I received from him this evening, and which I now ſend you. Though it does not throw a light on the affair, I cannot look upon it as the language of a criminal. I heartily congratulate you on your pretty dreſs, and wiſh you a delightful walk.

DOROTHEA.

LET-

LETTER IV.

From Daniel Juſtamond to Dorothea his Siſter.

(Encloſed in the preceding.)

My dear Siſter,

I CAN eaſily perſuade myſelf how much you are afflicted at my ſituation, and ſit down to write this letter, that your grief, on my account, may be in ſome ſort lighten'd. Think not that I am a criminal, or at leaſt that I do not believe myſelf ſuch. The three guineas are at preſent in good hands, in much better hands than mine. But you will reply, why therefore ſhould I make a ſecret of the matter, to my deareſt parents, who muſt think me either very obſtinate, or very hypocritical, in thus refuſing them the confidence which they have a right to expect. This, indeed, is what embarraſſes my reſolution, and I do not know how to anſwer. I muſt think maturely of it. I have, here in my ſolitude, all the time that I can wiſh for that purpoſe. If I perceive that I am in the wrong, I will tell them ſo, and frankly own the whole affair.

affair. I am ſure, they will excuſe me, having frequently before excuſed me, on confeſſion of my faults. I ſuffer more to think on their uneaſineſs, than my impriſonment. Adieu, dear ſiſter! Let a poor recluſe preſerve his place in your affection; and believe me, with the like affection,

Yours, &c.

DANIEL.

LETTER V.

From Dorothea Juſtamond to Honoria Clancy.

My deareſt Honoria,

I MIGHT expreſs myſelf a little harſhly, when I ſent you, half an hour ago, the letter that I had juſt before received from Daniel. I requeſt you to overlook my fault, aſcribing my ill humour to the grief that I felt in finding you ſo ready to ſuſpect my poor brother; and at preſent, as he cannot but be re-eſtabliſhed in your good opinion, I hope that you will, for his ſake, overlook it the more readily. However, I muſt tell you, his affairs take now a very gloomy turn,

turn, at leaſt to all appearances. One of our ſervants has made a diſcovery of the purſe at a confectioner's hard by. It ſeems he went into the ſhop for change, and what ſhould the confectioner take out among his gold and ſilver, but the very purſe, which the ſervant inſtantly recollected? Yet he did not ſpeak a word about it there, but came directly home, and told my father, who is dreſſing now, that he may go to the confectioner's, and make enquiry how he got the purſe. It is no way probable that my brother ſhould have laid out three guineas on ſweetmeats, when he deprives himſelf of every thing by indulging his extreme generoſity. Papa himſelf is of the ſame opinion: but by what means could the purſe be where it is? He has not loſt it, ſince he knows (as he informed us) where it was; which certainly he meant to ſay, by this expreſſion, *it is at preſent in good hands.* Why, therefore, ſhould he make a ſecret of it? Truly, I cannot tell what to think upon the ſubject: be it notwithſtanding what it will, I am entirely at my eaſe on his account, and have a ſort of confidence that

the affair will only terminate to his advantage. I conclude, and once more beg you to overlook the harſhneſs of my laſt, believing me,

Your faithful friend,

DOROTHEA.

LETTER VI.

From Honoria Clancy to Dorothea Juſtamond.

Dear Dorothea,

I AM no leſs at my eaſe than you, upon account of Daniel, and as much perſuaded that his affair will turn out to his advantage. He has learnt, I make no doubt, already in his ſolitude, that he himſelf is far from being quite exempt from ſuch defects as he has frequently aſcribed to me; and the ſevere correction which he will certainly receive, will be revenge enough for me. On theſe conſiderations, I am entirely at my eaſe on his account, becauſe by this means the affair will end to his advantage. It is indeed quite neceſſary to his growing perfection, that on this occaſion he ſhould undergo

undergo the ſevereſt puniſhment. How, my ſanctimonious Mr. Daniel! you would perſuade your parents that you give every thing away in charity, and fiſh thus cunningly for money, which you afterwards lay out, three guineas at a time, in ſweetmeats! Truly, I do not wonder that he ſhould be ſo backward in revealing the affair. It would be very honourable to him. Obſtinate! a cheat! and a glutton! three good qualities indeed, and all at once diſcoverable in him! Mighty fine! He calls the hands of a confectioner, good hands, becauſe, as I ſuppoſe, they make good things. There is charming logic for you! But adieu, my dear Dorothea! I ſincerely mourn your blindneſs to this good-for-nothing brother's faults, and burn with abſolute impatience, till you have told me how your hero will get clear of this adventure. After all my criticiſing comments, I am ſo deeply intereſted in his welfare, as to beg that you would ſend me the firſt news poſſible concerning him. I hope, you will not refuſe this mark of friendſhip to your faithful

HONORIA.

LET-

LETTER VII.

From Dorothea Juſtamond to Honoria Clancy.

Miſs,

I TAKE the earlieſt opportunity in my power to ſatisfy your generous curioſity. My hero's grand adventure now is terminated in a way that gives ſatisfaction to every body—every body indeed, except the wicked. And this laſt circumſtance magnifies the pleaſure that I enjoy from this communication.

Here now follow the particulars of the affair at length.—My brother late laſt night was ſtanding at the door, and ſaw a poor old man go by him, followed by three children that were crying bitterly. He ſtopped them, and enquired the reaſon of their ſadneſs. The old man was ſo aſhamed, he could not anſwer; but the eldeſt of the children told him, notwithſtanding frequent interruptions cauſed by ſobbing, that they had not had a bit of any thing that day. "Alas! my little maſter," added he, "we are greatly to be pitied. We had formerly,

as you have, a fine houſe; but now are left without a ſhed to cover us. Our parents are both dead of broken hearts, and we have no friend to help us but our grandfather, and he is far too old and weak to work for our ſupport." The poor old man, while this was ſaying, hid his face, and ſighed moſt lamentably. Daniel, who it ſeems was very much affected at the ſcene before him, had not time to take advice, but ran up ſtairs immediately to fetch his purſe, and gave it to the poor old man. He wept afreſh with joy and admiration at my little brother's generoſity, but would not take the money. Daniel fell into a paſſion ſeeing this, and nothing but the old man's acquieſcence in the gift could calm him. He did accept the purſe; but, as he judged the charity that he had received to be too conſiderable for a child like my brother to beſtow, he reſolved to bring it back next day. He went with ſuch a view to leave it at the ſhop of the confectioner, and aſked to have a ſhilling only to provide his little family a ſupper. I cannot tell you how he made the money up again, but not a quarter of an hour ago, and juſt before my father could

could ſet out to ſpeak with the confectioner, he brought the purſe with all the money in it to our houſe. I could have wiſhed, miſs, that you had been preſent at this ſcene; you would then have been taught to entertain a different notion of my brother's generous heart. His noble ſacrifice, together with the old man's honeſt ſcruples, made us all ſhed tears. The children and himſelf have had as much as twice the value of the purſe, and Daniel too has been paid for what he did, with fifty prayers and bleſſings. The concealment of this bounteous action, which my brother thought was nothing but his duty, puts a greater value on it in the eyes of my papa, and merits at my hand a meaſure of additional affection.

As this letter is the laſt I ever mean to ſend you, I have now the honour to ſubſcribe myſelf, as ceremoniouſly as pen can do it,

Miſs, your moſt obedient,

And moſt humble ſervant,

DOROTHEA JUSTAMOND.

MAN

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MAR

Man best as he is

MAN IS BEST AS HE IS.

Mr. Linton, *having in his hand a dead parrot ſtuffed, comes in, aſcends a chair, and ties it to a cord already hanging from the cieling.*

I Fancy that unlucky Frederick will not reach it at this height. One can ſcarcely keep any thing from ſuch a meddling boy. (*He puts the chair into its place again, and then goes out.*)

Frederic, (*entering a moment afterwards.*) Where, in the name of goodneſs, can papa have poked our poor dead parrot? I obſerved it in his hand, when firſt he came in here; but ſaw him afterwards go out without it. (*He looks round about the apartment; and, at laſt, ſpies the parrot hanging to the cieling.*) Ah! ha! there he is! (*He takes a run, and jumps with all his might; but wants about three feet, or more, to reach the parrot.*) If I were but as active as our greyhound! (*He pulls a chair into the middle of the room, and getting on it, is as yet too ſhort; he ſtands on tip-toe, and then jumps, but all without effect. He inſtantly comes down, and runs to fetch a folio volume, lettered* Plutarch *on the back;*

back; he puts this volume on the chair, mounts on it, and holds out his hands.) Shall I never reach the mark? I want, however, ſadly to find out how they have ſtuffed it. Let me take another jump. (*He bends his knees to ſpring, when Marcus entering perceives him, and hums the following words.*)

Well leaped, in good truth! But do not let me diſturb you; for however active you may be, you will need a thouſand attempts before you reach it. Such a bit of manhood jump ſo high! Come down. Let me go up. I think, I ſhall not want your Plutarch. (*He pulls him by the coat till he comes down, then mounts in his ſtead, and lifting both his hands, is ſtill a great way from the parrot.*)

Frederick, (*burſting out into a laugh.*) Ha! ha! ha! ha! good Mr. Manhood! By the manner of your ſpeaking, any one would certainly have fancied you as tall as the monument.

Marcus. But if I ſtep upon the book? (*He ſtands upon it, is a little nearer, but not near enough to touch the parrot. Frederic jumps about the chair, and laughs inceſſantly.*) It is not my fault; but the thing is, this great

great Plutarch does not happen to be thick enough. Only think! if there had only been a few more clever fellows in antiquity, the parrot would have certainly been mine.

Frederic. Or rather mine; for, in that caſe, I ſhould have got it firſt.

Marcus. Not that I care about it.

Frederic. No indeed, not more than Reynard, in the fable, cared about the grapes: the parrot is poſſibly too green!—hey, brother?

Marcus. What is the uſe of taking it down? I can ſee it very well at this diſtance.

Frederic, (*bantering Marcus.*) Yes! it is in a charming point of view! but hark ye, Marcus, I do not think that there is ſo much difference between our heights at laſt, though you are three years older.

Marcus. Only think! how vain the little creature is!—Perhaps you would like to meaſure with me?

Frederic. Yes, with all my heart. (*They come together, back to back, and make the moſt of their reſpective heights: but Frederic ſtands a tip-toe. Marcus is aſtoniſhed to ſee him as tall as himſelf, till looking down he ſees the reaſon.*)

Marcus.

Marcus. Ah, ſlyboots! is it ſo? Yes, yes, indeed: I grant you, if you ſtand ſo. Come, come, put down your heels.

Frederic, (*then appearing greatly ſhorter than his brother.*) It is a plaguy thing to be ſo ſhort!

Mr. Linton, (*coming in.*) Becauſe you cannot reach Poll? You mean ſo? Don't you, Frederick?

Frederic. You have been watching us then, Papa?

Mr. Linton. No; but do not you ſee? Your feet have left it written on my *Plutarch.*

Marcus. Had we been as tall as you, we ſhould then have been able to ſee Poll a great deal nearer.

Mr. Linton. Yes, and plagued him after he was dead, as much as you did while he lived. And yet you are tall enough for any ſort of miſchief.

Marcus. O, papa: what pleaſure we ſhould have, if we were both as tall as you!

Mr. Linton. I know you well enough: you would not, even in that caſe, be content.

Marcus.

Marcus. It is true, I had much rather be as tall as—what d'ye call him there, the giant, who came down to ſhew himſelf for money, at the fair?

Frederic. That would be but a trifle. No; as we are wiſhing, and as wiſhes coſt ſo little, we need hardly ſtop there.—You recollect our talleſt cherry-tree?—Well then, I could wiſh to be as tall as that.

Mr. Linton. And why pray?

Frederic. Becauſe I ſhould not want either a ladder or a pole when the fruit was ripe. Do but think a little, brother: how delightful it would be, to walk about the orchard, with our heads among the branches of the trees, to browze on cherries, pears, and apples, and to gather them as we do currants, from the buſh; would not this be charming entertainment?

Marcus. One might likewiſe walk along the ſtreets, and look into the rooms on either ſide the way, three ſtories high: Ha! ha! I fancy, we ſhould put the people into a fright!

Frederic. I ſhould not fear the carriages, when I had occaſion to croſs the ſtreet. It would be only ſtraddling.—Look ye,—thus:

(*he ſtrides,*) and I ſhould ſee carts, waggons, coaches, men, and horſes, all paſs under me, and ſhould ſmile in deriſion of their littleneſs.

Marcus. You know the river that goes by our houſe in town? We needs muſt take a boat to croſs it, or go round by Weſtminſter or Blackfriar's bridges. Well, I might walk through it then, which would be very cooling in the ſummer.

Frederic. And beſides all this, you know, we ſhould be ſtronger, were we bigger. If a bull ſhould venture to attack me, as I croſſed the field, I would twiſt his neck off, juſt as if he were a rabbit; or elſe chuck him up in the air, a hundred yards high, and when he was come to the ground he ſhould be ſo buſy thinking what a tumble he had, that he ſhould forget entirely to get up again.

Marcus. We ſhould not then want horſes for the plough, as we might draw it eaſily ourſelves: and in ten ſteps, get quite acroſs a very large field. I ſaw, laſt Thurſday, more than fifty men at work, in driving piles to make a cauſeway. And how hard they worked! Well then, with ſuch a hammer

hammer as my ſize would let me raiſe, one man might, in a ſingle day, diſpatch their work, and not be tired at night ſo much.

Mr. Linton. Fine talking truly, this; but do you know, that after all theſe fine wiſhes, you are no more than two blockheads?

Marcus. How, papa, two blockheads?

Mr. Linton. Yes; to think that you would be happier than at preſent, were you bigger.

Marcus. But, papa, if we were able to do a great deal more than we do at preſent?

Frederic. For example: would it not be quite convenient, could we reach things very high, and take a deal of ground in travelling at a ſtep?

Mr. Linton. Before I anſwer you, inform me if, becoming thus ſo very tall, you would have every thing beſides remain as little as it was before your alteration?

Frederic. Certainly, papa.

Marcus. Yes, yes: there ſhould be none but we three giants.

Mr. Linton. Thank you; but for my part, I am contented with my ſize, and would not wiſh to change it.

Frederic. Yet I think, we ought not to be near ſo big as you: for otherwiſe, it would be the children's part to whip their father.

Mr. Linton. It is a happy circumſtance for me, that I ſhall not, in a hurry, be expoſed to ſo much ſhame and danger.

Frederic. Oh! but I would ſpare you, recollecting how often you had ſhewn me favour.

Marcus, (*to his father.*) You do not wiſh then to be bigger?

Mr. Linton. No, indeed: but let us ſpeak in this place for your brother and you only; and obſerve what would reſult from your being bigger. In the firſt place, then, Frederic, if, as you wiſhed juſt now, you were as tall as that ſame cherry-tree, how would you be able, as at preſent, to go out and take your walk among ſo many trees, as fill our orchard? You would be obliged to crawl upon all fours, and even ſo, you would find it very difficult to get along.

Frederic. But you forget, papa, how eaſily I might put out my foot againſt the firſt tree ſtanding in my way, and root it up. It would be nothing but a wheat-ſtalk to me.

Mr.

Mr. Linton. Thereby you would purſue a very prudent plan! ſo, in proportion as you wanted much more fruit to ſatisfy your palate, you would deſtroy the trees that bear it; but let us go a little farther than an orchard. There are many roads about us, upon one ſide ſhaded by a row of trees, whoſe branches overhang the path-way. Men that are of common heights can walk beneath thoſe branches at their caſe, and find the ſhade which they give quite comfortable in the ſcorching heat of ſummer, and particularly at noon-day; but you would be obliged to walk along the middle of the road, and have no ſhade. And then, what would become of you, when you were to make your way through any foreſt? What a furious overthrow of trees you would make before you could clear yourſelf a path!

Frederic. I ſhould be no more fatigued than were I now to make a hole ſufficient for my paſſage through a hedge.

Marcus. I would uproot the talleſt oaks, like that ſame mad Grecian that is mentioned in my Engliſh Sophocles.

Mr. Linton. I ſhould ſincerely pity thoſe condemned to live about you; but with

ſuch long legs as you would have, you would take it in your head, no doubt, to travel?

Frederic. Travel! Why, papa, I would go from one end of the world to the other.

Mr. Linton. Like enough! And without halting, I ſuppoſe! For where, tell me, would you find a houſe, a chamber, or a bed, half big enough for your enormous ſtature? You would certainly be forced to lie all night abroad upon a hay-ſtack. That would be quite charming! Do not you think ſo?

Frederic. Alas! I ſhould find myſelf as badly off as poor Gulliver in Lilliput.

Marcus. Ah! you have not made your ſyſtem quite perfect, brother, I can ſee.—No, that is plain; and you muſt have the reſt of men as big as you yourſelf are.

Mr. Linton. Why that is more generous, I muſt own. But how then would the ground ſuffice to feed ſo many monſtrous giants? In a pariſh that ſubſiſts at preſent, for inſtance, five hundred people, twenty would not find proviſion. We ſhould each of us conſume our ox in eight and forty hours,

hours, and might eaſily drink a butt of milk at breakfaſt only.

Marcus. Oh! but I would have the oxen bigger likewiſe.

Mr. Linton. And how many of ſuch oxen might be put to graze within a common meadow?

Marcus. Truly, but a very few indeed.

Mr. Linton. I ſee then, that, for want of paſture, we ſhould ſoon want cattle.

Marcus. Well then, there is but one thing more to order, and the matter is ſettled. We muſt have the world grow bigger alſo.

Mr. Linton. Nothing puzzles you, I ſee. To be a few yards taller, you would, at a minute's notice, ſtretch all nature. 'Tis a great thought indeed: and yet, I fancy, you would be far from finding any capital advantage, after every thing were ſettled as you wiſhed.

Marcus. And why not, dear papa?

Mr. Linton. Can you inform me what proportion means?

Marcus. Proportion? No.

Mr. Linton. Then ſtand here by your

brother. Right. Now which is talleſt, you or Frederic?

Marcus. You can ſee yourſelf, papa: he does not reach my ear.

Mr. Linton. Come now, and ſtand by me. Now which is ſhorteſt?

Marcus. I am; unfortunately.

Mr. Linton. It ſeems then, Marcus, you are at once both big and little?

Marcus. No, papa: I beg your pardon, I am neither big nor little, to ſpeak properly. I am big reſpecting Frederic; but I am little with reſpect to you.

Mr. Linton. And if we were to grow, all three together, ten times taller, would you then be leſs reſpecting me, or bigger in reſpect to Frederic, than you are at preſent?

Marcus. No, papa: for there would always be an equal difference.

Mr. Linton. Then that is what proportion means. It is a regular gradation.

Marcus. Ah! I underſtand you now.

Mr. Linton. In that caſe, let us come back to your idea. If, in nature, every thing were to become bigger, ſtill preſerving

ſerving its preſent proportion, you would be exactly at the point whence you firſt of all ſet out. You would not then be capable of frighting people in their garrets, by juſt looking at them through the window; you would find it no leſs difficult to wade acroſs the water, or drive piles without aſſiſtance, than at preſent; and be equally unable to twiſt off, as you expreſſed it, a bull's neck, or ſend him up two hundred yards into the air: he would be ſtill much bigger than yourſelf.

Marcus. Yes, yes; I ſee he would.

Mr. Linton. Frederic, have you heard us?

Frederic. Yes, papa.

Mr. Linton. And underſtood the meaning of proportion?

Frederic. You ſhall ſee. Proportion is when any one grows bigger, and another does the ſame.

Mr. Linton. But can you give me an example?

Frederic. I believe, I can (*after having thought a little*) as thus: it would be in vain for me to tell my brother, with a boaſt, that when three years were paſt, I ſhould be three years older: he would ſtill be

oldeſt, as he alſo would be three years older than he is at preſent.

Mr. Linton. Excellently well conceived! And thus, though you ſhould grow as large in ſtature as our cherry-tree; our cherry-tree, in turn, would have grown larger alſo, by the difference now between you.

Frederic. Yes, that is plain.

Mr. Linton. Could you, in that caſe, take the cherries with more eaſe than now you gather currants?

Frederic. No, papa, I ſhould then be obliged to come to my ladder and my pole; not the ſame as formerly, for they would not ſerve me any longer. In this caſe it would be neceſſary that the proportion ſhould be ſtill preſerved.

Mr. Linton. And would the carriages then paſs between your legs?

Frederic. No, certainly: I ſhould be ſtill obliged to keep upon the pavement, if I would not have them throw me down.

Mr. Linton. And what advantage, Marcus, would you then derive from ſuch a general change of nature as your pride would introduce?

Marcus. I do not ſee any.

Mr. Linton. Your wiſhes then were abſurd, ſince the accompliſhment of them could not have made you more happy.

Marcus. Truly you are right, papa. It would have been much better if we had wiſhed to be little;—yes, quite little.

Frederic. What, as little, brother, as Gulliver's Lilliputians?

Marcus. Why not?

Mr. Linton. Ha! ha! Another ſtrange conceit! And what can be your motives to this wiſh?

Marcus. Becauſe among a number of good conſequences, one ſhould never fear a famine; ſince a handful of wheat would make bread enough to ſerve a family for four and twenty hours.

Mr. Linton. Why, truly, there might be ſome ſavings!

Marcus. And beſides, we ſhould not then have cauſe to go to war with one another, as a place no bigger than our garden, would be large enough to build a mighty city. Men therefore, having much more room than they want, would never go to war with one another (as I have heard you ſay

that they do) to obtain an inch or two of land.

Mr. Linton. I would not anſwer for them in that point, acquainted as I am with human folly: but I will not diſturb ſo charming an arrangement by my fears; and therefore am contented to ſuppoſe that I ſee both peace and plenty flouriſhing among us, and the golden age, thanks to your good management, brought back again among us!

Marcus. Oh! that is not all. My tutor tells me, little creatures are a deal more delicate and perfect in themſelves than great ones; have a much more piercing ſight, a finer ſenſe of hearing; and in ſmell are much ſuperior. Is that true, papa?

Mr. Linton. In general.

Marcus. Thus then were we leſs by a great deal than at preſent, we ſhould ſee, and hear, and ſmell many things, of which, at preſent, we have no knowledge.

Mr. Linton. Theſe advantages, it is true, are very precious; yet I own, I ſhould be ſorry to renounce, for ſuch advantages, the univerſal empire which we now exerciſe on every thing that breathes.

Marcus.

Marcus. There would be no occaſion to renounce it; for remember, you have often told me, that man bears rule much more by his underſtanding, than mere ſtrength of body.

Mr. Linton. True; becauſe his ſtrength of body is exactly proportioned to his underſtanding. But beſtow upon a Lilliputian's frame the greateſt and ſublimeſt genius; give him even our inventions, and our arts advanced to that perfection which they poſſeſs among us; do you think that he would be able to employ our ſlighteſt inſtruments, and manage properly the meaneſt of our numberleſs machines or engines? How would he defend himſelf againſt wild beaſts, when even the dog that he keeps within his dwelling, would, without deſigning any miſchief, cruſh him under foot?

Marcus. But then, if every thing becomes proportionably little? There, I think, I have you.

Mr. Linton. Only to confound yourſelf; for granting this proportionality of littleneſs, and men immediately loſe all the advantage that you would give them. Their deficient

deficient harveſts would not keep them from the fear of famine; and their wars, while they were no leſs frequent or ferocious than at preſent, would be more ridiculous. The inferior animals would ſtill have finer organs, and more delicate ſenſations; and perhaps too, with his littleneſs, which could not but be laughed at, he would take upon him, as you do, to alter and reform the univerſe.

Marcus. I think, papa, you are much too hard upon me; one can ſettle nothing with you.

Frederic. For this reaſon, brother; becauſe you know nothing about the matter. There is but one way to order things as they ſhould be.

Mr. Linton. Bravo!—ſo you take the man of conſequence upon you.

Frederic. Yes, as well as Marcus.

Mr. Linton. Come, then, let me know how you would ſettle the affair? your ſyſtem muſt be very curious, I ſuppoſe.

Frederic. Why then, papa, we only want one thing; we only want to have a harder body, one as hard as iron.

Mr. Linton. And why ſo.

Frederic.

Frederic. You ſee where I have pricked my finger. It ſeems nothing: yet you cannot imagine how much pain it gives me.

Mr. Linton. My poor little man! I am ſorry for it.

Frederic. And the wound that I received in my head about a month ago, by tumbling, as you remember, down ſtairs. It was but cured a week ago: feel here, papa:—there; that is the place.

Mr. Linton. I feel the ſcar indeed.

Frederic. What pleaſure it would be to play with Pompey, and not fear his biting me. And beſides, when I were old enough to be a ſoldier, and go to fight, I ſhould, in that caſe, laugh at balls and bullets. Nay, my head would blunt the broadeſt ſword that ſtruck it: would not that be vaſtly pretty?

Mr. Linton. That it would indeed!

Frederic. In that caſe we ſhould want for nothing: we ſhould be quite perfect; ſhould we not, papa?

Mr. Linton, (*taking out an orange.*) See here, my little fellow: ſmell this orange.

Frederic. Oh! how fine! It muſt be very good to eat. Do you deſign to give it me, for

for having ſettled matters better than my brother?

Mr. Linton. No: it is not for you.

Marcus. For me, then?

Mr. Linton. Nor for you. I mean it for a certain—I do not know if I ſhould ſay, a certain perſon; but however that be—one more perfect than you are.

Marcus. And who is that, papa?

Mr. Linton. You will wonder, very likely, when I tell you:—that negro figure on my chimney-piece.

Frederic. You joke, papa! why he can neither ſee, nor eat, nor ſmell.

Mr. Linton. And yet he is made of iron.

Frederic. Yes: and for that very reaſon he cannot.

Mr. Linton. What then, you would have ſacrificed the ſatisfaction of ſeeing, eating, and ſmelling, to the boaſt that you could never break your head by falling from my chimney-piece? for were you made of iron, as you wiſhed, you would be only fit to ſtand there with my other bronzes.

Frederic. Oh, I do not mean ſo, papa; I would be living while I had this iron body.

Mr.

Mr. Linton. And how then could it be animated by that blood, and by thoſe juices that keep up our life? By what means could its nerves be flexible, and have that ſenſibility which makes us ſo expert or ready in the uſe of every limb, and renders the enjoyment of our ſenſes ſo delightful?

Frederic. Oh, dear me! this is ſad work! I ſee my ſcheme is hardly better than my brother's.

Marcus. But, papa, ſince you are ſo clever in deſtroying our plans thus, it is your turn to provide us with a better in their ſtead.

Mr. Linton. And why ſhould I provide one? I am marvellouſly ſatisfied with that which God's providence has already eſtabliſhed. Yes, dear children, I am ſenſible, we are completely furniſhed with whatever can promote our happineſs; ſuperior in our conformation to all other animals, we tame, by means of our genius, the ſmall number of thoſe which in ſtrength ſurpaſs us. If we have not the rapidity of ſtags and horſes, we can make that compoſition which will overtake the one while he is running from us, and can mount the other to direct him whither we think proper. We have not

wings of a bird, yet we can give wings to thoſe tall trees that grow in foreſts, and can make them carry us to the remoteſt diſtances. Our ſight, leſs piercing than an inſect's, is not bounded to the narrow ſpace in which we move about, but can take in an ample horizon, and contemplate the great miracles of nature. We are unable to gaze, like an eagle, at the ſun; but we can invent an inſtrument which ſeems to draw us nearer to that luminary, ſo that we may meaſure his immenſity of diſtance, and obſerve the place which he poſſeſſes in the midſt of an infinity of ſtars that are obſcured by his ſuperior brightneſs. Every other ſenſe that we have, contributes likewiſe to procure us a ſucceſſion of enjoyments, and effect our ſafety. Conſcious of our genius, we are every day in ſearch of new diſcoveries; we diſarm the thunder, or elſe tell it where to fall; we make one element reſiſt another; we oppoſe the beneficial warmth of fire to the inclemency of froſt; and keep the land from being overflowed by inundations. Sometimes we deſcend into the darkeſt bowels of the earth, and bring out thence thoſe precious metals which

which are purified, and then, by an ingenious mode of mixing them together, form new ſubſtances; and ſometimes we mark out thoſe rocks which hang juſt ready, as it were, to fall upon our heads, precipitate them from their height into the vallies, and ſoon after make them re-aſcend in ſumptuous edifices, or in ſtately pyramids that hide their ſummits in the clouds. The ſociety that we form with our fellow-creatures, for the ſatisfaction of our mutual wants, obtains us, in return for our own toil, the labour of ten thouſand hands, all eager to procure us the conveniencies of life. Upon whatever ſide we turn, we have, at our command, the various productions of the univerſe, all brought together for our uſe. The ſciences exalt our ſouls, and charm our faculties. The arts, by having introduced ſuch numberleſs machines, aſſiſt us in our labour, or refreſh us when we ſeek repoſe. Both memory and reflection give us the advantages enjoyed by all thoſe who have preceded us. Together with the pleaſing idea of our own perſonal exiſtence, we derive happineſs from others alſo, by the virtues of compaſſion and beneficence, and by the con-

connexions of kindred and of friendſhip. Nevertheleſs, our happineſs depends upon ourſelves alone, amid the hoſt of creatures that ſurround us, being ſure of obtaining it, if we but moderately uſe our ſtrength, and make a conſtant application of our reaſon to the buſineſs of determining our conduct; ſo that, if we ever interrupt our happineſs by going further than we ſhould do, we have nothing to blame, in that caſe, but our own folly. We then ſeem children as you are, who, inſtead of gratefully enjoying the conveniencies and comforts of our ſituation, and courageouſly enduring its few evils, vex ourſelves with wiſhing for ideal bleſſings, or diſgrace our nature by a lack of manly courage.

PHILIP.

OH! I'll be revenged, and make him heartily repent it, cried little Philip, while his countenance turned quite red with anger, and he walked along, not ſeeing Emilius,

Emilius, his dear friend, who, at that inſtant, happened to be coming towards him, and hearing what he ſaid with ſome degree of pain, aſked him, of whom he meant to br revenged? Philip lifted up his eyes; he ſaw his friend, and reaſſumed the ſmile with which his countenance was generally glowing. Oh! ſaid he, come, my friend, and you ſhall ſee of whom I will be revenged. You remember, I believe, my little *ſupple Jack*, that pretty cane my father gave me: ſee, it is all in pieces; the farmer's ſon, that lives at yonder thatched cottage, has broke it. And pray why did he break it? ſaid Emilius. I was walking peaceably along, ſaid Philip, with the greateſt agitation, and was playing with my cane, by putting it quite round my body; one of the two ends, by ſome means or another, got out of my hand when I was oppoſite the gate juſt by the wooden-bridge, and where the little blackguard had put down a pitcher full of water, which he was carrying home from the well. My cane, in ſpringing, ſtruck the pitcher, overſet but did not break it. He came up cloſe to me, and began to call me names. I ſeriouſly aſſured him

him that I had not intended to do what I did, and was extremely ſorry for the accident. He would not hear me, but got hold that moment of my *ſupple Jack*, and twiſted it as you may ſee. I will make him, however, heartily repent it; I ſhall find a way to be revenged of him.

He is, indeed, a very ill-natured boy, ſaid Emilius, but is already puniſhed very well for being ſo, ſince every one deteſts and ſhuns him. If he wiſhes to enjoy a little play, he never can have a companion: if he comes where any boys are met to play, they always thruſt him out; but if he will not quit them, they leave him. The hatred of all that know him cannot but ſufficiently avenge you.

Yes; but he has broke my cane, ſaid Philip. My papa gave it me but very lately; and it was a very pretty one, as you know. My father will not fail to aſk me what is become of it: he will imagine that I have loſt his preſent; poſſibly he will fall into a paſſion, and all on account of this little blackguard. I did him no harm. I offered to fill up his pitcher, having knocked it

it down without deſign.—The ill-natured cur! I will be revenged of him.

'Believe me, my dear friend, ſaid Emilius, it will be better not to mind him. Your contempt is puniſhment enough for ſuch a one. You are not like him; and, depend upon it, he will ſhew himſelf at all times abler to do miſchief than yourſelf. And now I think upon it, I muſt tell you what but very lately happened to him.

Unluckily for him, he ſaw a bee upon a flower: he tried to catch it, and pull off its wings for paſtime; but the bee contrived to ſting him, and flew off in ſafety to the hive. Quite mad with rage, he ſaid, as you did, I will be revenged for this! Accordingly he cut himſelf a ſwitch, thruſt it through the hole into the bee-hive, and turned it about. By theſe means he killed ſeveral of the little creatures; but in an inſtant the whole ſwarm flew all at once upon him, and ſtung him in a thouſand different places. You may gueſs how he roared with the pain, and how in his agony he tumbled himſelf about upon the ground. His father ran up to him, and could not, without much difficulty, put the bees to flight, by flinging

bowls

bowls of water on him. He was ill, in conſequence of this, for ſeveral days.

You ſee then, his vengeance had no very great ſucceſs. Revenge not therefore his inſults: he will meet with ſome one who will puniſh him, without your taking any trouble in the matter. And beſides, as he is ill-natured, would you be ſo likewiſe; for, my friend, he is much ſtronger than you are, and, to be ſure of your revenge, you muſt be much more malicious than he is.

I think, ſaid Philip, you are in the right: ſo come along with me. I will tell my father every thing, and he will not be angry with me, I hope; for look you, I can eaſily take comfort for my broken cane, but not ſhould he imagine that I neglected to take care of what he gave me. After this, they went together. Philip told his father what had happened. The good gentleman conſoled his ſon, and thanked little Emilius for the advice that he had given him.

On the day ſucceeding, Philip had another cane, exactly like the firſt. He paſſed the farmer's houſe: his ſon was at the door, and hung his head, while Philip went along.

However

However Philip, ſome days after, ſaw this little peaſant fall under a heavy log of wood that he was carrying home, and which prevented him from getting up again. Philip ran up to him, took the log from off his ſhoulder, helped him to riſe, and take his load once more upon his ſhoulders. The ill-natured boy was now quite overwhelmed with ſhame at the idea of receiving aid from him whom he had ſerved ſo ill, and heartily repented his behaviour. Philip afterwards went home quite ſatisfied. At firſt, he had aſſiſted one whom he did not love, becauſe he could not ſee a fellow-creature ſuffer without relieving him; but afterwards he was rejoiced to think of his behaviour. "This (ſaid Philip) is the nobleſt vengeance. It is impoſſible I ſhould repent of this."

CHARLOTTE.

BEFORE the houſe in which Charlotte's parents lived, you muſt know, there was a little opening, ornamented with a graſs plat, and quite overſhaded with a noble tree, from whence the eye could plainly ſee whatever paſſed along the public road. Miſs Charlotte frequently would come beneath this ſhade with her little chair, and in her hand the ſtocking that ſhe was making for her dear mama, who had inſtructed her to knit. One day, as ſhe was ſitting there, ſhe ſaw a poor old man advancing very ſlowly towards her, on the road: his hair was of a ſilver white, his back was bent with age, he reſted on a ſtick and ſeemed to walk in pain. Poor man! ſaid Charlotte, looking at him, he ſeems very much in pain, and perhaps is poor beſides. If ſo, then, he is doubly miſerable.

Further on, ſhe ſaw a company of boys together, who came after the old man. They very quickly reached him. They re-

marked his thread-bare coat, which was exceedingly long ſkirted, and had ſleeves a deal too ſhort. His hat, quite ruſty, did not eſcape their notice, as the flaps hung down upon his ſhoulders; he had hollow cheeks; and ſeeing him they all burſt out a laughing. As it chanced, there lay a ſtone upon the ground before him, which he ſtumbled over, and was almoſt down: this ſet them once again a laughing, while the poor old man, for his part, ſighed.

I once was young as you are, ſaid he to the boys, and did not laugh at the infirmities of ſuch as I am now. You will in time be old yourſelves; and every day you are approaching towards my time of life. You will then be ſenſible of the injuſtice of your ridicule. So ſaying, he went on again, but made a ſecond ſtumble, and in ſtruggling to preſerve himſelf from falling, dropped his ſtick. At this, the boys renewed their laugh a third time, crying, let us ſee now, how he will lift it up again?

Miſs Charlotte, who had heard the old man ſpeak, and was touched with pity for him, ſaw his ſituation, put her ſtocking down upon the chair, ran towards him,

took up his ſtick, put it back into his hand, and taking hold of his other arm, as if ſhe had been very ſtrong, exhorted him to lean upon her, and not notice any thing that the boys might ſay. The poor old man looked at her. "Lovely child," ſaid he, "how good you are! I am at once conſoled for all the ridicule with which they treat me. May you be for ever happy!" and ſo ſaying, they walked on together; but the boys no longer followed him as they had done before: perhaps they were aſhamed of their proceeding.

Some few moments after, one of them fell down himſelf, and all the reſt burſt out a laughing as they had done before; for his part, he was very angry, and when up again, ran after his companions, pelting them with ſtones. He was convinced then how unjuſt it is to laugh at any one's diſtreſs: he formed a reſolution never, for the time to come, to laugh at any old man's pain, and followed at a diſtance him whom he had before made the object of laughter, hoping to have the opportunity of making ſome atonement for his fault.

In

In the mean time the good old man, aſſiſted by the friendly aid of Charlotte, went on with ſlow, but ſure ſteps. She offered him the opportunity of ſtopping to repoſe himſelf a little. Do you ſee our houſe, ſaid ſhe? Pray ſtay and ſit a little under that large tree: my parents are neither of them at home; you will on that account be not ſo well entertained; yet ſtill, you will enjoy a little reſt. The poor old man accepted Charlotte's offer. Charlotte brought him out a chair; and then, to hearten up his ſpirits, let him have ſome good ſmall beer and bread and cheeſe. The child had nothing elſe to give.

Her gueſt could not refrain from thanking her continually. "Your parents are ſtill alive?" ſaid he. "They love you; you love them? They cannot therefore but be very happy: may they always be ſo!" —"And you, good old man," ſaid Charlotte, "have you no children?"—"I had once a ſon," ſaid he, "who was ſettled in London: he loved me affectionately, and often came to ſee me; but alas! he is now dead, and I am left without the leaſt degree of conſolation. Indeed, his widow is rich:

ſhe takes upon her to be a lady, and imagines it not worth her while to know if I am dead or living, as ſhe wiſhes to forget that her huſband's father is a peaſant. I do not even know her children, which in truth are mine."—He was ſo much affected while he ſpoke theſe words, that tears rolled down his withered cheeks.

The gentle Charlotte likewiſe was affected, and cried out, Can any one be ſo cruel! Ah! my mother, my dear mother, would not act ſo wickedly. On this, ſhe ſpoke of other matters, that ſhe might not grieve him; when he aroſe, and thanked Charlotte with a bleſſing: but ſhe would not leave him ſo; ſhe meant to go a little way ſtill farther with him.

On the way, they ſaw the little boy who had been following them; for he had run a great way on before, and now was ſitting on the graſs. He caſt his eyes down when they looked upon him; roſe up after they had paſſed, and followed them again. The little girl obſerved him, but would not ſpeak of him. She aſked the old man, if he lived alone. "No, little lady, anſwered he, I have a cottage: ſee, there it is, beſide yon

yon tree acroſs the meadow. You obſerve, it is no great diſtance off: it is in the middle of a little garden. I have an orchard, and a field likewiſe; and I told a poor old neighbour, who ſome years ſince loſt his cottage, which fell down through age, that if he would but come and live with me, he ſhould in future cultivate my ground. I told him, that I would live with him, that he ſhould enjoy whatever I might have, and I would only aſk him to provide me neceſſaries. He agreed. He never had a child: he is extremely good and honeſt; and, for my part, I am quite at eaſe in his ſociety. And yet, in ſpite of all his diligence, at times I think myſelf deſerted. I no longer ſee my ſon, and I was conſtantly accuſtomed to receive from him the tendereſt tokens of affection. In the very place where I have ſeen him run to meet me, I am now aſſiſted only by the hand of ſtrangers. I no longer ſee his children, who have utterly forgot me: I ſhall live far diſtant from them: I ſhall die, and very likely never ſee them more.—Alas! if their poor father were but ſtill living!—He could not utter one word more."

The gentle Charlotte, touched with theſe complaints, ſaid to him, I will come and ſee you with my mother: we will frequently be with you. But her kindneſs only ſerved to aggravate his grief. The ſenſibility and kindneſs of the little girl made him recollect of how much conſolation he was utterly deprived; and in returning her his thanks, the tears, which he could not help ſhedding, hindered him from ſeeing where he walked.

He took his handkerchief to wipe his eyes, and, troubled by ſad thoughts, inſtead of putting it again into his pocket, let it drop upon the ground, without perceiving what he did; nor did his young companion notice it. The boy, however, who was following them, obſerved the whole tranſaction, picked it up, and ran to give it him. "Here, good old man," ſaid he, "you dropped your handkerchief: it was on the ground."

"Thank you, thank you heartily, my little friend, anſwered the old man. God's providence be praiſed for all things! Here is an honeſt little gentleman, who does not ridicule old age, and laugh at the afflictions that attend it. Oh! no, no; you do not look

look with ſcorn upon a poor old man. I ſee it in your eyes. You are not of the number of thoſe wicked little fellows whom you muſt certainly have paſſed, although you were not with them." Charlotte recollected having ſeen the little boy among them, and remarked his laughing juſt as they did, but ſhe would not ſay a word about it; for though ſhe did not at all approve the boy's behaviour, yet her good nature would not ſuffer her to give him pain, by telling what ſhe knew.

The little culprit, in the mean time, held down his head, and thought of lying more than once; but he had not been uſed to ſuch a crime. His heart, beſides, was not ſo wicked that he needed to conceal the truth, leſt people ſhould deſpiſe him. "Pardon me," ſaid he; "I was among them, and inſulted you as they did; but am now very ſorry for it. I have found out, ſome time paſt, that when I mix with children of my age, or thereabouts, I am more miſchievous than when alone. Had I been by myſelf, I ſhould never have laughed at your ſtumbling; but, on the contrary, my firſt deſire would certainly have been to help you. I

ſhould

ſhould be very happy to aſſiſt you now, if I could, in order to make amends for my offence."

"You have already done ſo, my good little friend," ſaid he. "You have a deal of candour and good-nature, and will certainly become an honeſt man. I dare believe as much. Come, therefore, both of you to my abode. It is juſt before us; but a few ſteps more, and we ſhall be there. I will let you have ſome milk, and we will drink together." —At this invitation of the good old man, our little boy was very happy. Charlotte would have wiſhed to decline it, but did not, from a fear of grieving him. They reached the habitation: he brought out ſome milk, two porringers, and a loaf of bread a little coarſe, it muſt be owned, but very good. They all ſat down upon the graſs, and made a comfortable meal. "What pleaſure you both give me!" ſaid the good old man. "Yes, truly, I am very much delighted upon this occaſion. I have found out two good little friends, who neither ſcorn the poor man, nor the infirm. My ſleep at night will be the ſweeter for it."

Both

Both the boy and girl, as they ſat beſide him, teſtified their joy and gratitude; but yet their looks were more expreſſive than their words. However, they began to think of going. Charlotte feared leſt her parents might come home, and be uneaſy at her abſence; and the little boy expreſſed how he was grieved ſo ſoon to quit him: but his mother, he feared, would ſcold him, ſhould he think of ſtaying longer.

"She muſt then be very croſs, this mother that you dread ſo much," ſaid the poor old man.—"Not always," ſaid the little boy: "However, ſhe is ſometimes ſo; and though ſhe loves me, yet I fear her greatly."—"And your father?"—"Oh! I ſcarce knew him: he has been dead theſe four years."—"Dead theſe four years!" interrupted the old man, and fixed his eyes upon the child. "Should it be he?—I have ſome recollection of his features!—Should it be little Francis?"—"Yes, Francis is my name."

The old man ſtood for ſome few moments motionleſs, and with an altered voice, his eye brim full of tears, and with extended arms, cried out to Francis, "My dear child!

you

you do not recollect your grandfather?—Embrace!—You have the very features of my ſon. My deareſt child, you no longer thought of me."—Francis tenderly careſſed him, but endeavoured in vain to ſpeak. Little Charlotte too ſhed tears of joy, to ſee the old man comforted.

"You ſee him," ſaid the good man, "you ſee him! He is in reality the living picture of his father. Yes, he is my ſon!—My ſon affectionately loved me, and his ſon will love me too. I ſhall not be ſo wretched as I feared in my old age; nor will the evening of my life be paſſed without ſome joy. I ſhall depart in peace. But I forgot that by detaining you, I may ſubject you to your mother's anger: I was ſo much pleaſed, that I forgot that circumſtance. Depart then, my dear boy! I do not wiſh that my joy ſhould coſt you tears. Depart, and love your mother; be obedient to her, even though you ſhould not come and ſee me. It will be very hard, however, ſhould you quit me now for ever. Come and ſee me, if you can, provided you do not diſobey, or tell a ſtory, to obtain permiſſion."

Turning

Turning then to Charlotte: "And for you, dear little maid," ſaid he, "I am convinced, you ought to leave me, as your parents would be certainly uneaſy, ſhould you ſtay too long. I owe you all my joy, and ſhall for ever bleſs you. Come at times, and ſee me. Do not, I beſeech you, my dear children, utterly forget me! May you both be happy!"

At theſe words the children went away, affectionately holding one another by the hand. They did not ſpeak, but every now and then they looked behind them; while the old man, on his ſide, continued looking conſtantly at them, and did not turn to go into his cottage until they were out of ſight. Little Charlotte got home ſafe. Her parents were not yet returned: however, they came home ſoon after. She told them where ſhe had been, and what ſhe had done. It was the ſubject of their evening's converſation.

On the morrow they all went to ſee the good old man; and in the ſequel, frequently repeated their kind viſit. Francis likewiſe came to ſee his grandfather, who was rejoiced to ſee him, to hear him ſpeak, and to receive

receive the moſt affectionate careſſes from him; while, for his part, Francis was as much rejoiced, excepting when he did not ſee his Charlotte: he was then quite ſorrowful, and went home ſad. The more he grew towards manhood, ſtill the more he loved her; and accordingly, when he was old enough to take a wife, he would eſpouſe no other woman, though ſhe was not rich. The old man lived to ſee them married, bleſſed them, and ſoon after died in peace.

END OF VOL. V.